

A New ACADEMY of
COMPLEMENTS:

O R,

The Lover's Secretary.

Being *Wit* and *Mirth* improved by the
most Elegant Expressions used in the

Art of Courtship,

In divers *Examples* of Writing or Inditing
LETTERS, relating either to LOVE or BU-
SINESS.

Also, The Silent Language : or, A Compleat Rule
for discoursing by Motion of the Hand, without be-
ing understood by the Company. Together with
Instructions for writing Figure Hand, Bills of Ex-
change, Receipts, casting Accompts, &c. The
Signification of Moles, and Interpretation of Dreams.
A never-failing Method for Women to get good
Husbands.

Likewise a pleasant DIALOGUE between six merry
Gossips paying a Visit to a Lying-in-woman.

To which is added, A Choice Collection of above 120
Love-Songs, Merry Catches, and Jovial Healths ;
being the newest now extant. With plain Instructi-
ons for DANCING.

The Ninth Edition, with Additions.

Licensed according to Order.

London : Printed for S. Bates, in Giltspur-street, and
A. Bettefworth, in Pater-noster-Row, 1727.





The P R E F A C E.

Courteous Reader.

Without Dispute, *Eloquence* is a Qualification highly necessary to adorn both Sexes, more especially the Female, whose Tongues often prove as attractive as their Beauty, to seek quick and active Wit foil'd for Want of Words, makes a Man or Woman seem a Statue, as one dumb : Besides, for want of Assistance in Writing, Spelling, and Pointing true English, and putting it in a Style adapt to the Purpose of either Love or Business, to Parents or Sweet-hearts, many Persons have been obliged to abandon even the very Thought of Writing ; and by this Means they have incurred the Displeasure of their Friends, often to their irretrievable Detriment. In order therefore to prevent this Inconvenience for the Future, a great Part of this short (but sweet) Academy was composed ; which will, I hope, be found very useful, not only to young Persons, but those of riper Years, who have laboured under the Misfortune of a Slender Education. And whereas Letters may be subject to Miscarriages or Interception, and by that Means Secret Business, or Love-Intrigues are discovered to those who should be kept wholly ignorant of 'em, I have here set down a Method of signifying one's Mind by Figures, as also how to talk in Company without any Body understanding but the

The PREFACE.

Party to whom you direct your Discourse, which I call *The Silent Language*. In the Rest you will find the Signification of *Moles* and *Dreams*, as also Directions for casting up *Accompts*, together with all Sorts of *Weights*, *Measures*, and *Abbreviations of Words*: Likewise above one hundred and twenty *Love Songs*, *Merry Catches*, and *Jovial Healths*; which will not only be a Remedy against Melancholy, but likewise divert evil Thoughts, that would otherwise seize the Spirits, and prove injurious to many. And for those whose Merry Dispositions may incline them to *Dancing*, I have perfix'd a short Scheme of the best Modern *Country Dances* used in either Play-House or School, which (by observing the Directions here set down) the meanest Capacity may very easily attain to.

'Tis true there have been divers *Treaties* published of this Kind, but I can assure the *Courteous Reader*, few or none have arrived to the Perfection of this, for *good Language* and *Diversiōn*; and without Dispute, he'll find great Satisfaction in the Perusal of it. However, this I dare affirm, That if he finds but as much in the *Reading*, as I have done in *Writing* it, he'll have no manner of Reason to repent the laying out his Money in purchasing this beautiful *Structure*, so very Beneficial to all in general.

Farewel.



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WIT's Improvement :

Or, A New

Academy of Complements.

*Instruction how to become acquainted upon
accidentally meeting any Person.*

A. **S**IR, I esteem it a singular Happiness, to have met with such good Company, seeing I have by this Means obtained the Favour to be acquainted with you.

B. Sir, if the same Chance which brought us together in this Place, did likewise render me capable of making my Friendship as useful to you, as your Goodness is pleased to esteem it acceptable, I should think my self double happy : But till Opportunity presents it self, I shall pray you to accept of the Good-will.

A. Sir, Your Merits oblige me highly to esteem your Acquaintance, and desire your Love. And mine Intent was, to make tender of my Service to you. But now I am doubly indebted to you, for preventing my Purpose, by proffering your Affection. I humbly thank you for it, and desire you reciprocally to accept of mine.

A. I kindly accept of your Proffer, conditionally that my respective Services may make you part of amends.

A Sir, You will oblige me beyond the Power of my Acknowledgement. Your Love will be Honour sufficient for me, with Leave to come and visit you sometimes, to receive your Commands.

B. Sir, I will not say what my Duty binds me to ; but I will pray you to believe, that my Desire of testifying it by Effects, is sincere, and shall appear upon the first Occasion as shall present it self. In the mean time, I shall be glad, for the enjoying of your good Company, to see you at your own Home.

A. Sir, You shall be always heartily welcome to me.

When one makes a Visit.

A. **S** I R, when I first had the Honour to be acquainted with you, your Courtesie did so far engage me, that I am not able sufficiently to acknowledge it. I have made bold to come to visit you, and give you Thanks for it, and assure you of the continuing ever devoted to your Service.

B. Sir, I do not think my self able to give Respects to so high a Merit, but assure your self, my Good will shall never be wanting. You oblige me infinitely in coming to see me, and are extraordinary welcome.

A. Sir, you will overcome me with your Courtesies, and much engage me every Time you come to visit me ; I fear you will at last force me to remain ingrateful, having not where withal to requite your Favour. But tell me, I pray, how have you done ever since our last Interview ?

B. Very well, Sir, at your Service. And how hath it been with you ?

A. Truly

A Truly, Sir, I have not been very well, but that shall not hinder me however from serving such as have esteemed me worthy of their Love.

To invite a Friend to Dinner.

A. **S**eeing, Sir, you have so long honoured me with your good Company, I shall intreat you, Sir, to stay and take Part of a Dinner.

B. Sir, I most humbly thank you; I am fully satisfy'd by finding you in good Health.

A. I pray, Sir, let me stay you a little longer; we may talk a little farther at Dinner, if you please to have Patience to stay so long.

B. Sir, If in so doing I might do you any Service, or if my Presence were capable of yielding you any Content, I should easily condescend to it; but I doubt I should rather be troublesome to you.

A. Pardon me, Sir, your Company is so acceptable, I pray do me the Courtesie.

B. Sir, I have Business which requires a present Dispatch, and therefore I shall intreat you to excuse me.

A. Sir, I would be loath to be your Hindrance, and am sorry I cannot have the Happiness to enjoy your good Company any longer.

B. And I am sorry I cannot at this Time accept of your kind Proffer, for which notwithstanding I remain thankful to you.

A. It shall then be another Time, when you are more at Leisure.

B. Sir, I shall be at any time ready to obey your Commands.

Another

*Another from where the Invitation is
accepted.*

A. **S** I R, since it hath been my good Hap to meet you at this present, let me desire you to come and take part of a Dinner with me.

B. Sir, If I could do you any service therein, I would willingly bear you Company, but my Presence will be both unuseful and troublesome to you.

A. I pray, Sir, use no such Excuses, your Company is most pleasing, but you fear your Chear will be but bad.

B. Pardon me, Sir, I know your House affords none but good Entertainment; and because you shall not think I have any such Thought, I will do as you please.

A. You shall be exceeding welcome; do me that extraordinary Favour, and we will relate the News of these Times, till Dinner is ready.

B. Sir, I have a little Business to dispatch, which I would willingly make an End of this Morning; I pray give me Leave to give Order for so doing, and I will return immediately.

A. I pray do not fail, for I will expect you.

B. I will return without Delay.

At his Return.

B. **S** I R, I crave Pardon for having caus'd you to stay so long.

A. Sir, you come in a very good Time and now I see you are a man of your Word.

B. I wish I could as well perform all Things else, whereunto your Quality and my Duty oblige me.

A. pray, Sir, be pleas'd to set your self.

B. After you, Sir, is manners.

A. No,

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A. No, Sir, I pray sit there ; that Place is preserv'd for you.

B. I must obey you, Sir ; I had rather be uncivil than troublesome.

At the End of Dinner.

A. **S** I R, I pray excuse your bad Entertainment at this present, and another Time we shall endeavour to make you amends.

B. Tru'y, Sir, it hath been very Good, without any Defect, and therefore needs no Excuse.

A. However, your Welcome was hearty ; and I shall desire to testify my cordial Affection some other way more worthy your self.

B. Sir, I have so many Testimonies of your good Will, that I am asham'd it lies not in my Power to requite the least of them. I will expect when your Commands shall give me Opportunity to do it, and so I thank you for my good Chear, and humbly take my Leave of you.

A. Farewel, Sir.

And if he chance to stay for Dinner, he that invited him, may say,

A. **S** I R, will it please you to pass the Time at some Recreation, least it seem tedious to you after your indifferent Entertainment.

B. Sir, it cannot seem long in your good Company.

A. Your good Nature makes you to take all Things patiently, and in good Part ; but how shall we pass away the Afternoon ? Do you delight in Pastime, Sir ?

B. Sir, I will agree to any good motion.

A. Had you not rather, Sir, take a Walk ?

B. Your

B. Your good Company is more than sufficient for me.

A. Sir, I know where very pleasant Walks are, and there will be choice of young Gentlemen and Gentlewomen ; if you please, we will walk thither.

B. Sir, I am bound to obey you, and you will do me a great Favour in the Enjoyment of your good Conversation.

To Court a Gentlewoman upon honourable Terms.

MAdam, I account this to be the happiest Day I ever had in all the Course of my Life, wherein I have Honour of being acquainted with you.

Sir, If I knew any Thing in me worthy your Merits, I should think my self obliged to employ it in honouring of you. But finding nothing but Imperfection and Weakness, I believe the Knowledge of me will hardly yield you any Content, much less Happiness.

Madam, I find so many Perfections in your Ladyship, that I am obliged to honour them with all my Power, and offer you my most humble Service.

Sir, it is your Courtesy and fair Language that would willingly excuse my Defects, to make your Sufficiency appear so much the more.

Pardon me, Madam, it is the charming Power of your Virtues and Merits, which oblige me not only to honour and serve you, but also to desire some Share and Interest in your Affections.

Sir, whatsoever a Maid with Honour may do, you may request of me ; I respect your Quality, admire your Virtues, and wish you a Happiness befitting your magnanimous Designs.

Madam, I assure you my Desires and Affections are good : and if your Wishes proceed from as sincere a Will,

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Will, as it hath Power to be favourable to me, I shall think my self the happiest Man in the World.

Sir, I shall desire your Pardon, my Understanding is not so acute as to penetrate your Intention; that which I speak, is in Simplicity, having no other Design, but to yield you such Respect as I know you deserve.

Madam, I do indeed wrong you in persuading you to that which I have not yet made appear by any true Proof. But notwithstanding, I must tell you, that your Perfections have so amazed my Senses and Affections, that I resolved never to love nor serve any but you. I only intreat you to accept my Service and Affections, and give an Effect to your own Desire.

Sir, as I cannot be persuaded you would fix your Thoughts, much less your Designs upon one so little deserving, so need not you trouble your self to testify your Good-will by any Effects. I am content with the Honour of knowing you, and wish with all my Heart, your good Fortune may guide you to meet a Match becoming your Worth.

Madam, I have not so far forgotten myself, as to misconstrue your Merits and Perfections. I have proposed unto my self an unfeigned Resolution to honour and serve you with mine uttermost Endeavours, and your Refusal cannot lessen my Affections. Suffer me then to stile my self your Servant.

Sir, I am not at my own disposing, therefore cannot accept your noble Proffers; but if you can persuade my Parents to like of the Affections you say you bear me, I shall esteem my self much honoured by your Love, and shall be ready to yield to any Thing that shall agree with my Honour, to render full Assurance of my Love.

Madam, you oblige me infinitely, and I thank you as heartily. I shall take an Occasion to acquaint your Friends with my sincere Intentions. Honour me in
the

8 **Wit and Mirth improv'd : or,**

the mean time with your Commands, and give me leave to kiss your fair Hand.

Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

To accost a Lady, and enter into Discourse with her.

I Believe Nature brought you forth to be a Scourge to Lovers, for she hath been seen so prodigal of her Favours towards you, that it renders you as admirable as you are aimable.

Or, I wonder at so many Perfections as you are endowed with ; for I do not believe the World affords one more accomplished.

Or, I find my self happy in being honoured with your Presence, for my Desires are aspired only to this Favour.

Or, I pray, let it not seem strange unto you, that I make bold to come to entertain you.

Or, The Desire I have to testify the Fidelity of my Service, caused me to aspire to the Happiness of enjoying your sweet Company.

Or, Your Presence is so dear unto me, your Conversation so honest, your Honour so pleasing, that I could desire to be with you perpetually.

[Thus you may see how to speak to her : But here you must note, that if it be a Lady to whom you had never spoke before, and with whom you are fallen passionately in Love, and towards whom you were resolved to continue your Love, you should proceed in this Manner.]

Pardon my Rashness, if I presume so far as to offer my Service unto you ; your Beauty hath so far prevailed over me, that I have long desired to attain to the Honour of speaking to you.

Or, Though I have not yet been so happy to be known to you by any Service, yet the Zeal I bear to
your

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your Obedience hath obliged to come and salute you.

Or, I believe you will not take my Bold in evil Part, for presuming to come and see you ; for it is with a full intent to serve you.

Or, Your Merits have so much Power over me, that they oblige me to offer up my Heart wholly to you,

Or, If you accuse me of Temerity, you must lay your own Beauty in Fault, with which I am so taken, that my Heart is so ravished from me, and wholly subjected to you.

[You may make Use of such Language, and pursuing your Intents, rest it always upon your Constancy ; shewing by your Discourses, that you are truly in Love, and so discreet and faithful, that none can be comparable to you.]

To entertain a Lady amongst Company.

LET us leave these Gentlemen to court their Ladies, and we will take our Quarters a-part, in the End we will not be any thing behind-hand with them.

Or, I am happier than those Gentlemen who have but each one Lady to court, I have two (or more.)

Or, One can impute no Defect unto us, for our Number is perfect (being three.)

Or, I can assure you I am very glad I am honoured with your good Company, and esteem it as a great Happiness.

Or, I could not have made a better Choice than you, Ladies, if I may have the honour to entertain you till the Company breaks up.

Or, I would willingly have a Second ; for I feel my self too weak alone, against you all.

Or, I had need to have *Tully's* Eloquence, to entertain you according to your Merits.

Witty

TO Wit and Spirit improv'd: or,

*Witty and ingenious Sentences, to introduce
and grace the Art of Well-speaking.*

SIR, the Ocean's not so boundless as the Obligations you daily heap on me.

I'll lodge them in my Bosom, and always keep them in my Heart.

Others seem glimmering Stars, when compared with you, who out-shine them like bright *Luna*.

Sir, I must enroll you in the Catalogue of my dearest Friends.

You over-charge me with too great a Favour, in your condescending to pay me this Visit.

Such Endearments will too much impoverish my Gratitude.

I shall do an Injury to your Merit, not to honour you.

You have the Power to steer me as you please.

You walk in artificial Clouds, and bathe your wanton Lips in sweet Dalliances.

Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

The Musick of the Spheres is not so ravishing as your Voice.

You are the Glory of your Sex, and bear the Palm of Beauty from them all.

Report could never have gotten a sweeter Air to fly in, than your Breath.

You are Fortune's Darling, and you sleep in her Bosom.

Nor the Mountain Ice congealed to Chrystal, is more bright than you.

Farewel, fair Regent of my Soul, you still oblige my Gratitude.

I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

It is my Duty to obey all your Commands.

The

A New Academy of Compliments. 11

The unblown Rose, the Chryſtal, or Diamond, are not more pure than you.

My Entertainment hath confirm'd my Welcome.

As a kind Sun to a New-born Spring, ſo are your gracious Favours to my New-born Soul.

Sure Winter dwells upon your coy Lips, the Snow is not more cold.

You have the Power to ſway me as you pleaſe.

The Sun never met the Summer with more Joy.

I prize your chaſte Love above all the Wealth of India.

Your Tongue is as ſmooth as Oil with courteſy Flatteries.

You have inflam'd me with the Ardency of your Deſerts.

Sir, you caſt your Eyes too much upon the Flame of Beauty, which moves to your Ruin.

I totally ſubmit my ſelf to your Directions, govern me as it pleaſes you.

The Virtues of your Mind would compel a Stone to become a Lover, and devote himſelf your humble Servant.

Sir, your noble Deeds tranſcend all Precedents.

Farther Improvements of the ART of Well-Speaking.

THE Dignity of Truth is loſt in much proteſting.

No Hell ſo low which Luſt and Women cannot lead unto.

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot bring about.

When a Woman hath loſt her Chaſtity ſhe hath no more to loſe.

When

12 **Witt and witty Improb: or,**

When stormy Clouds appear, wise Men put on their Cloaks to save them from a Shower.

The worst Deeds are often made good with Success.

Blind is the Censure of Uncertainties.

Reason is the Mistress of Experience.

A Politician must, like lightning, melt the Marrow, but not pierce the Skin.

Envy stands on Tip-toe to pull down Innocency.

Too much Indulgence is not Love, but Hate.

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot repair.

Women are like Venus Glasses, one Crack spoils them.

Libels are stifled by taking Notice of them.

He is next in Right that has the strongest Power.

Where Distate begins, Friendship ends.

Discretion is the better Part of Valour.

Good Wits are the greatest in Extremity.

True Love is a Servant, brutish love a Tyrant.

Hope is a Bait that covers the Hook of Affliction.

Great Sorrow struggles inward and is always dumb.

Duty must not assume the Name of Merit.

Love is the sovereign Virtue of the Soul.

The Sun that sets, doth rise again; so a clouded Fortune may again shine bright.

A Feast of Marriage, is not Lust, but Love

Love is ever a Slave to Hope.

The wise Man fore-sees Dangers, which the Fool rushes into.

A Description of Eloquence, and the Advantages of Speaking well.

Eloquence is by the Ancients called Nature's Garment, as it covers the Soldiers with Arms for Defence, the Senator with a Gown for Profit, and is a curious Garment for the Courtier and Statesman ; it likewise covers the Citizen with Pleasure and Profit. it consociateth the remotest Region's of Men's Hearts, by the Participation of one another's Thoughts ; and we can all Discourse by no apter Title, than the Vehicle of the Thoughts.

These were the ancient Decrees of Truth ; they thought it a Happiness to have their Understandings enlightened with a Weight of Labour to search it, but the Glory of human Nature to speak it ; Thoughts are but the Children of the Heart, as Speech is of the Thoughts ; the Prudence of worse Doctrine is of excellent Use to all who view it, either in Class of Divinity or Policy, or even in the Building up of the Fabrick of Mens own Fortunes.

The Perfection of the Art of Speaking to others, consists in a volubility of Application ; and if a Person can come up to the Excellence of it, he may speak to a Hundred Persons, and yet vary his Style to each. Thus *Alexander* the Great did, when he encouraged his Soldiers to give Battle to the *Persians* ; he represented to them a voracious Hopes of Treasure, and enriching themselves by Plunder ; the Ambitious he incited with aspiring to Honour, and Malicious, he provoked with the Remembrance of the former Grudges and Hatred between the Two Nations. And *Seneca* approves not Speech to be at all excellent, when Words are not quicken'd with the Life of Reason, but are only uttered with the Plausibility of the Speaker, which sets an Edge or Point on Speech to enter

14 *Wit and Spirit improv'd* : or,

enter much sooner the Affections, than dull or slow Expressions ; nor would it be unnecessary to have the several Forms of Speech, of sudden Questions, of suspended Answers, and a great Variety of others, of which there are not wanting in this Book, and in which it may be thought no small Policy consists, together with the Apprehensions of the Colours of Praise, vice and Virtue ; but in the Use of these, you may there crave a Largeness of Understanding to turn your self in with Dexterity, than to be ty'd to the Streightness of a few Rules of Remembrance ; to have Wisdom grounded in the Heart, rather than too much in the Tongue, is the more Advantagous for a Politician.

Words on all Occasions ought to become the Person that uses them ; as, if you speak before those that are nobler or learned, you must make an Oration worthy of their hearing : If to one of lower Degree, and meaner Capacity, your Style must be adapted to his Understanding. And so of other Matters.

Witty Questions and Answers for the Improvement of Conversations.

Quest. **W** H Y is a Tooth-drawer reckon'd an unreasonable Calling ?

Ans. Because he takes away that from People that they should feed themselves withal.

Q. Why is Cupid painted bare headed ?

A. To shew that between true Lovers there shou'd be nothing covered or concealed.

Q. What said the Squire, 'when he found his Man Roger a Bed with his Wife ?

A. Well done, Roger, after me is Manners.

Q. What is a Chamber-maid like.

A. A Lottery, for you may draw a great many Blanks before you get a Prize.

Q. Why

A NEW METHOD OF COMPLAINTS. 15

Q. Why should a Man chuse a little Wife?

A. Always of Two Evils, chuse the least.

Q. When may a Lover safely fall out with his Mistress?

A. When he has so far got the Ascendant, that he is sure he can fall in with her again.

Q. What may be said of a man who is in love with a lascivious Woman?

A. That he is nodding in a Chimney-corner, and to fall in the Fire.

Q. What said she to her Husband, that undertook to name many Persons, whom he affirm'd to be Cuckolds?

A. Why truly, Husband, you are just such another man.

A. What Creature is that which bites with his Tongue?

A. The Flatterer and Parasite; for when the Emperor Ocho was flattered by one of his Courtiers, he asked him, Why he bit him?

Q. Why is a Whore's Trade opposite to all others?

A. Because she sets up without Credit, and too much Custom breaks her.

Q. What is a mere Scholar?

A. An Intelligible Ass.

Q. Why is the Language of a Scold most moving?

A. Because no man in his wits will stay to hear her rattle.

Q. What is the suddenest and most successful way of addressing a Widow?

A. Brisk'y to tell her you come to plough her up, that she may lye sallow no longer.

Q. If a Man calls his Wife Whore, what follows by Consequence?

A. That he is a Cuckold.

Q. Why are some People jealous?

A. Because such Persons as are jealous, are often naught themselves, and measure their Husbands Corn by their own Bushel.

Q. What

To wit and sixth Improb^d : or,

Q. What said the Tyler to his Man, when he fell through the Rafters of the House to the bottom?

A. Well done, I faith, I like such a Servant as thou art, who can go through his Work so nimbly.

Q. What said the distracted Fellow in Bedlam, when he was ask'd if he was marry'd?

A. He laugh'd, saying, he wonder'd they should ask him such a silly Question, for he thank'd God he was not so mad yet.

Q. What is the profitable Sign which one that has a handsome Wi'e, can hang at his Door?

A. His own Picture with a Pair of Horns on, and then he need not want Customers.

Q. What is a Ale-house-keeper?

A. He is none of his own Man; for he neither eats, drinks, nor sleep, but at other Mens Charges, and grows fat by their leanness.

Q. What said the Fellow that had lost one of his Ears for his former Fact, and was about to lose t'other?

A. Why, what unconscionable Fellows are you must I find you with Ears for every Sessions, when there are so many present that can spare an Ear better than I?

Q. What said the Taylor's Boy, who giving a Bill to a Gentleman, he desir'd the Money, and was told by him, he was not running away?

A. Why truly, Sir, said he, if you are not running away, I can assure you my Master is.

Q. What Trick did a Spend-thrift Scholar use to get Money from his Father, who had before refus'd to send him any?

A. He writ a melancholly Letter, assuring him he was dead, and intreated him to send Ten Pounds to defray his Funeral Charges.

Q. What said the Gentleman to the Thief, when he heard him breaking into his House in the Night-time?

A. Stay, Friend, but one Hour longer, and then I shall be asleep.

Q. What

Q. What Answer did the Poet give the Beggar, who told him he had a License to beg?

A. Lice, saith he, thou may'st in all likelihood have; but for Sense I am sure thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.

Q. What is a Bawd most likely to?

A. A Medlar; for she is never ripe till she is rotten.

Q. Why are short and dim-sighted People more given to love Women, than those that can see well?

A. Because they cannot discern the unhandsome Features and Imperfections in a Woman so well as others.

What is the Meaning of that Word Marriage?

A. Marry at Age; not as Boys and Girls do in our Time, to the Shame of their Parents or Relations who suffer it, or who properly clap them together like a *Smithfield Bargain*, for Advantage though in Time it may prove ruinous to their Peace, Health, and Estate.

Q. What said the Cuckold to the Boy that stared him in the Face, when he asked him why he did so?

A. Why Gaffer, quoth the Boy, for no hurt, but because every Body said you had Horns on your Forehead, I looked, and indeed Gaffer I could see none.

Q. How should a Man behave him self to a coy Lady?

A. Like a Soldier in the Field, bear up briskly, and charge her home.

Q. Why is a Soldier said to be of such Antiquity?

A. Because he keeps up the old Fashion, when the first Bed was on the bare Ground.

Q. What said the Fellow, when a Nobleman bid him hold his Horse, and he asked if one alone could do it, and was answered yes?

Q. Why then if it be but one Body's Work, you may e'en do it your self.

Q. What said one to a Lady that had a great many Patches on?

A. He bid her beware of laughing, lest she shewed two Faces.

Q. Why is Marriage compar'd to a Sea-Voyage.

A. Because if Men have not good Fortune in it, they are very likely to be cast away or ruin'd.

Q. What may be said of a rich covetous Miser?

A. That he starves in Plenty, and freezes before the Fire, he makes such a little one.

Q. A cowardly Caprain ask'd a Soldier, if he knew him or not?

A. Not your Face, Sir, that I have seldom seen; but your Back I do know, which I have often seen.

Q. What said the Country-Fellow, when he was ask'd to go to Bed with his Bride on the Wedding-Night?

A. Not I by my Troth, says he, I will not lye with a strange Woman, I will go to my Mother.

Q. Why is Wealth look'd on better than Wit?

A. Because few Poets are chosen Aldermen, or put into great Places.

Q. Why are Taylors so much in esteem?

A. Because they are Men of so great reckoning.

Q. A certain Person ask'd his Comrade, why he had such a mighty Averfion to Eggs?

A. Because, said he, my Father had the unhappy Misfortune to stand in the Pillory for a very trifling Matter.

Q. A City Dame ask'd her Husband, why may not I go as fine, and junket as well as my Neighbours?

A. Indeed, says he, if they affect beastly Heads, I don't.



INSTRUCTIONS

For Writing of

LETTERS.

Nothing is so common as writing of Letters; but to set them forth well, is a very difficult Task. The necessity of conversing one with another so long as we live, causes every one to meddle with it. For ignorant Men, as well as literate, have frequent Occasion to communicate by Letters with their absent Friends; but for the most Part learned Men only can perform it handsomely. To learn it, one ought to have fair Examples to imitate, and good Precepts to guide him. Wherefore I have here set down a short Instruction, concerning the principal Rules of the Art. He that would indite Letters well, ought to take Care of two Things; namely, the Matter and the Form.

The Matter of LETTERS.

THE Matter of Letters in any Thing that may be discoursed of without any Exception. For any Thing as may be spoken to a Friend, by Word of Mouth, when he is present, may in his Absence, be written to him; I mean, if Wisdom will suffer it. For every Body knows, that it is not always fitting to

20 *And so they implored: or,*
trust a Secret to a Paper which may be lost, and fall
into a Stranger's Hands.

This Matter varieth according to the Letter which
one meth to write, be it concerning Business, or Com-
plement.

Letters of Business, are of several Sorts.

Letters of Business, are those that treat of Things
that concern us; and they are of several Kinds,
as Letters of Advice, Counsel, Command, Intreaty,
Recommendation, offering of Assistance, Complaint,
and the like.

Letters of Advice.

Letters of Advice, are those which give our Friends
to understand how Business go, either theirs, or
ours, or other Folks. And as this is the common
Kind of Letters, so it is the plainest, for it carrieth
Matter along with it, so that one need not trouble his
Brains to invent it. You need not only relate how
Business goes; even in the same Manner as you would
do it by Word of Mouth; yet with this Reserve, that
you write not rashly any Thing that may do you or
your Friends wrong, if it should be disclosed, which
you must take Care of, especially when you speak of
Great Men, State-business, &c.

Letters of Counsel.

Letters of Counsel are of two Kinds, for they are
written either to those who desire your Counsel,
or to such as do not expect it.

The first requireth not much Skill. You may begin
with some small Complement, excusing your Insuffi-
ciency, saying, That some who are endowed with
better Understanding, could advise him better, yet
since

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since he doth so much respect you, as to ask your Counsel, you will not refuse to give it him. Then you may declare what you think fitting for him to do; and confirm your Saying with Reasons drawn from what is fitting, profitable, or delightful; taking Care that your Reason be fitted to the State and Condition of him who it concerns; concluding with a Wish, that the Resolution he takes, may prove for his Good, and Content.

In the Second, you may follow some such like Method. First, you may excuse your self for intruding to give Counsel, before you be required so to do, saying you are bound unto it by the Bonds of Friendship. Not that you any way mistrust his own Sufficiency but knowing how much the Business in hand concerns him, you believe he will take it ill, if you tell him what you think of the Business, which you would forbear to do to another, whom you loved not so dearly; but that you are confident he will take your Freedom here in good Part, as proceeding from a Heart full fraught with most tender Affection toward him. Which done you may fall upon the Matter; and after you have set down your Advice, confirm it with good Reasons, shewing that which you advise him to be both honest, profitable and pleasant, husbanding your Reasons according to the Person you deal with; for vertuous Men, and People of Quality, will be most moved by what concern, their Reputation, when Men of mean Condition will have more Respect to their Profit. Young Folks will be carried away with Pleasure, whereas old Men look most after Gain. Then you may add, (especially if you write to a better Man than your self, or to one whom you respect) that you refer it to his Discretion, to do as he shall think fitting; and that you have not declared your own Thoughts (meaning that they should be no Rule to him (but that he conferring them with his own Discretion, should suggest, or with what some other of his Friends should advise him,

B 3

him, might more easily resolve what to do. Ending with a Prayer and heartily Eiaculation to God to bless his Resolution, giving it an Issue according to his own Desire and Content. But if you write to your Inferiour, or to some one whom you are very intimate and familiar with you may exhort him to follow the Advice you give him, shewing him, that if he continue it, it is feared some Evil may befall him.

The Form of Writing Letters.

BY Form, I mean all that is required in Letters (besides the Matter to frame them well.

Parts.

Herein I place in the first Rank the Parts of Letters, which are either common or peculiar.

Common Parts of Letter are these, which are alike in all Letters ; as Supercription, and Subscription.

Supercription.

The Supercription of Letters is twofold, the one external, the other internal. The outward Supercription is that which is on the Out-side of Letters when they are folded up, and containeth the Name and Title of him to whom we write, and his Place of Abode. But the chief Thing we must take Care of herein, are his Titles, to give every one such as befit him, or he desires to have ; otherwise, his Letter are not well accepted of, and breed Distaste.

When we give a Title to a Prince, write, *To his Highness Prince* ———. When to an Ambassador, *To his Excellency*, &c. When to a Lord, *To the Honourable*, &c. When to the Arch-Bishop, *To the most Reverend Father in God*, &c. When to a Bishop, *To the Right Reverend*, &c. When to the inferiour Clergy, *To the Reverend*,

Reverend, &c. When to a Mayor or Alderman, *To the Worshipful, &c.*

To other Persons we write, *To Mr. N.* together with their Titles, Office, or Profession, at *Paris, Rome, York, Holland, or London.*

When we write to our Inferiours, and such as are of mean Quality, we use Abbreviates in the Superscription, in this Manner: *To Master. N.* or, *To Mr. N.*

We must observe, the like Difference in writing to Women.

For to a Princess, or a Great Lady, we must write, *To the Lady N.* with her other Titles and Qualities, leaving some Distance between the first and second Line. Wherein note, that we give the Title of *Lady*, not only to those whose Husbands are *Lords*, but also to others of meaner Rank, *Madam N.*

The inward Superscription is that which is writ in the inside of Letters, using the Title of *Lord or Master, Lady or Mistress.* at the Beginning in a Line apart, with a great Distance between that and the second Line; as, Sir,

I have received your Letter, &c.

But those whom we will not shew so much Respect unto, we joyn it with the Body of the Letter in this Manner, *Sir, I have understand, &c.*

Those whom are of Kin, add, after the Title of *Master or Mistress*, their Degree of Kindred as, *Sir, and most loving Uncle: Or, Mistress, and most loving Cousin.* But we must not use this in external or outward Superscriptions; for sometimes it is not fitting that those who carry the Letters, should know there is an Alliance between the Parties which write to one another. We do not set down his Name whom we write to in the inward Superscription, unless it be to one of mean Condition, as if one should write to some Tradesmen, in this Kind, — *Mr. Ormond, I would desire you, &c.* or, *Mrs. Chopin, as soon as you shall receive*

~~...imp...~~ Or,
receive the Letter, &c. or Master, Partner, or Mrs. Ann.
In the Body of the Letters we used to give Great
Ones the Titles of Highness or Excellency, according
to the Custom; and we also reiterate the Name of
Lord or Master, when we will shew him Respect, tho'
he be not of any high Condition.

Subscription.

The *Subscription* is placed at the lower End of the
Letters; and in writing to Great Ones, must be framed
in this Kind: *Your most humble and most obedient*
Servant, N. Or, Your most obedient and most obliged
Servant, N. To those of lesser Degree, Your most hum-
ble, and most affectionate Servant. Or, your humble
and Affectionate Servant. And to those of yet meaner
Condition. Your aff'ionate, to do you any courtesy,
If it be a Woman that writes, she shall say, *Your Ser-*
vant, &c.

When we write to Persons of Quality, we must
leave a great Distance between the Body of the Letter,
and the Subscription, the Body of the Letter always
using to the End, *My Lord, Sir, or Madam, or Mistress,*
in a Line apart, distant a mean Space from that which
precedes. Otherwise we leave not so much neither in
the one nor the other.

When those who are a kin write to one another,
the greater doth well express the Degree of Kindred
in the Beginning of his Letters; but he that is of the
meaner Quality, and be content to specify it in the
Subscription.

Beside the Subscription, we use to set down the
Date, as also the Place, from whence you write. But
it is not always convenient to mention the Place, and
then you may omit it. Some use to set down the
Date about their Letters, before the Titles of *Sir, or*
Madam.

The particular Parts of Letters, are those which vary
in

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in all Letters, as the *Exordium*, *Discourse*, and *Conclusion*.

Exordium.

An ordinary *Exordium*, contains some small Complement to insinuate your self into his or her Favour to whom you write, and a short Proposal of what you intend to say. But we do not use any such Thing, but only in long Letters, which speaks of Affairs of Concernment; for otherwise we presently fall upon the Matter.

Conclusion.

In the *Conclusion*, we use to testify our Affections, and set down our hearty Wishes or Prayers for his Prosperity to whom we write.

Discourse.

The *Discourse* of Letters is various, according to the Matter therein contained. We commonly observe no Order therein, but speaking of Things as they chance to fall under our Pen, not caring much or standing upon any Connexion; unless sometimes in Letters of Answer, we follow the Order of Letters, which we write an Answer to, using some small Transition when we come to some Matter which differs from the former. And so much concerning the Parts of a Letter

Stile.

In the second Place, the *Stile* and *Phrase* of Letters is to be considered; it ought to savour of Carelessness, not much differing from our ordinary Manner of speaking. Rhetorical Figures, especially Exclamations, Apostrophes, Prosopopeias, and the like, are no ways fitting in them no more than long Periods. But in Letters of Complements, we may supply

26 *Art and Mirth improv'd* : or,

The Barrenness of Matter by Smoothness of Words :
And in all Letters there must be some Elegance and
Grace, which may invite him to read them with some
Consideration, flying Affection only so far as you
may avoid Rusticity, or barbarous and improper
Words of Phrases.

Sealing.

In the last place, they must be neatly sealed with
either Wax or Wafer, and the Colour of them as best
suits the Circumstance of the Writer ; but black if
the Subject be Melancholy. And if you put up many
Letters together, you must press them hard, that they
may lye in a very little Room.

I. *Letters of Complement.*

S I R,

I Desire you to excuse me of my neglect in the perfor-
mance of my Duty ; the Passion which I have to
your Service, being so violent, that it nourisheth in
me a continual Care of seeing Opportunities to make
it known. To the furtherance of which the Letter
offers it self most happily, having Charge to assure
you on my Part, that of all the Servants your Merits
have acquir'd, I am,

S I R,

Your most humble One,

T. P.

Another.

S I R,

I Am by so many Obligations yours, that the only
Want of Occasions to give Testimony of it, breeds
all my Discontents, esteeming my self unfortunate
in nothing so much, as that the Passion which carries
me to Service, proves as unprofitable as extream :
Which

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which forceth me to have Recourse or Intreaties, beseeching you to honour me with your Commands, that (other Means failing) my obedience may oblige you to believe that I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

I Must discharge my Heart, admiring you more than all the World. 'Tis true, your Desert imposed the Necessity upon me, but it did not give me the Inclination; tho' I beseech you to believe that I was very willing in the Constraint, having suffered no other Violence than what my Reason and Judgement offered me. You shall have daily new Proofs by the Continuation of my Duty, and by the Quality which I bear,

S I R,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

THo' you expect nothing but Complements from me, you shall never receive any; I am a sworn Enemy of Courtship and Civility towards Persons whom I honour extreamly, as I do you; it sufficing me, that I perform my Duty in their Behalf, and that I take Care to do it with a good Grace. This is the Study in which I practise my self; and I beseech you, think that I will not lose the least Occasion to witness it to you, because I find my self interested in the Resolution which I have taken up to be all my Life.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

II. *Answers*

II. *Answers to Letters of Complements.*

S I R,

MAking no doubt of your Civility and Courtesy, but of my own good Fortune, in meeting with the Means to requite them, I intreat you to believe, that hereafter I will employ all my Cares to witness unto you my good Affection; and if ill Means render them unprofitable, I will dye for my own Satisfaction,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant, R. R.**Another.*

S I R,

I Esteem too much the Honour of your Remembrance not to desire the Continuation, and withal to beseech you for some Employment, wherein I may witness the Passion which I have to your Service. For which I will importune you hereafter, desiring by Deeds, rather than Words, to let you see that I am extreamly,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant.**Another.*

S I R,

THough this is to requite the Favour of your Remembrance, yet I cannot cease to be indebted to you, when I consider, that your Courtesy prevented my Respect; but I beseech you imagine that, for the Time to come, I will be so careful to discharge my self, that you shall have greater Cause to complain of Importunity, than my Silence, which I have resolved never to keep, when your interests oblige me to the contrary, as making publick Profession to appear in all Places.

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant.**Another.*

Another.

S I R,

I Will be so presumptuous (since you do it) as to believe you love ; but upon Condition, that you will likewise acknowledge the Passion which I have to serve you. For as it only makes me merit the Honour of your Friendship, so I shall be very glad, that you would everlastingly conserve the Remembrance of it. Continue then in loving me as much as you please, and likewise esteem infallibly that I am, more than all the World besides,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, R. T.

III. *Letters of Complaint.*

S I R,

THE Friendship and Service which heretofore I vowed you, force me at this present to demand the reason of your Silence. I do not doubt but you alledge a sufficient Excuse to authorize ; yet I beseech you, think that, however so Lawful it be, I shall never leave off complaining. You may pretend the Want of Occasions, or the sudden Accident of some Sickness (which never molested you, except in thought whereby to justify your self against my Reproaches. But all this is not able to satisfy me to confess your Fault, ask Forgiveness, and you go a nearer way to work ; that's the only way to conserve eternally,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another upon the same.

S I R,

I Shall break with you at last, if you break not Silence, imagining that you love me but a little, since you

30 *Will and Birth improv'd* : or,

you have forgot me altogether. I beseech you deal more familiarly with me, if my Friendship be any way considerable, or you esteem me worthy of yours. In the Humour I am now, I think you can no sooner blot me out of your Memory, than I can raise you out of my Heart, without retaining any Thing (by my good Will) but the Quality only,

S I R,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

IF you have taken an Oath to write no more to me, at least send me the Letters back again which I addressed to you, that I may still have the Honour to receive something from your Part. Silence is a sworn Enemy of Friendship, which is the Reason that mine Reproaches you at this present, being not able to endure, that after so many Protections never to forget me, you shall lose even the Memory of having made them. You may change your Humour when you please, if you desire to renew the Obligations.

S I R,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

IF I did not honour you extreamly, I could easily revenge my self of your Forgetfulness, by my Silence : But the Esteem which I make of your Deserts, together with an Inclination which carries me to your Service, oblige me to assure you still, that though you should forget me, even to my Name, I would never change the Resolution which I have taken, to be all my Life,

Your most humble Servant.

IV. *Answer.*

IV. Answers to Letters of Complaint.

S I R,

YOU oblige me with such a good Grace, in complaining of me, that I am constrained to give you Thanks instead of Reproaches. 'Tis not because I want lawful Excuses to authorize my Silence, but the Interest which you take in it, that hereafter you shall accuse me of Importunity, rather than Neglect. 'Tis the Protestation,

S I R,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

IT is needful to excuse my Silence, since I shall endure the Pain of it, by Reason of a Sicknes, which molests me continually. But though your Reproaches proceed from your Affection, yet I assure you they interest mine Extremity. Since you doubt of the Countenance of it, I beseech you think me not of a Humour to forget those I honour, as I do you; and that, except I am reduced to the Extremity I was in before, I shall always acquit my self that which I owe you, in Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

IF our recipocal Friendship could not be conserved but by Letters, my Hand should be always upon the Paper, to give you continually some new Assurance or other, but knowing that she submits of her self, through her own Solidity, I condemn all the paintings of Civility and Complement. How little Knowledge
soever

soever you have of your own Desert, you may easily know, without being a Prophet, the dear Esteem I make of you; and seeing Knowledge has Truth for her Object, you are forced to believe that I am really,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, T. P.

Another.

S I R,

WERE I Left-handed, I might acquaint my self of the Service I owe you, being unfortunately lame of the Right-hand; which has obliged me to make use of a strange Pen, to excuse my Silence and to assure you, that though I serve my self with another Man's Endeavour in writing this Letter, yet 'tis my Soul that conceived it, and my Heart that dictated, being very glad to witness unto you the Truth of my Thoughts, touching the Resolution which I have taken, to make my self remarked in all Places.

V. Letters of Thanks.

S I R,

SINCE it is your Pleasure to add daily Obligations to those who are most intirely yours. I am resolved to let you take your Course, and busy my Thoughts only in seeking Occasions to revenge my self. And if my Misfortune in this Pursuit, continually render my Cares unprofitable, yet, for your Satisfaction, I shall always have a good Will and Passion to do you Service, which I shall heartily offer you up, being,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, A. L.

Another.

Another.

S I R,

NOT intending that these Thanks which I give you for the Favour wherewith you were pleased to honour me, should pass, in my Opinion, for an Acknowledgment, I revenge my self only of your Civility, expecting to meet with an Occasion, wherein I may witness with Services, rather than Words, that I am unfeignedly, in Heart and Soul,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

Confessing you have obliged me with a very good Grace, and so perfectly, that I shall remain indebted to you all my Life, I would to G O D some Occasion would offer it self, which I might imploy in your Service, thereby to witness, that as your Favours have been extream, I will attempt all Extremities to revenge my self. These are no Discourses of Complement, my Heart Dictates to my Pen all that my Pen writes to you, with Assurance that I will not be long unprofitably bear the Quality of,

S I R,

Your humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

I know not in what Term to give you Thanks for the Favours which your generous Disposition has been Pleased to bestow upon me. I am so unfortunate an Orator, that I am out of all Hope to acquaint my self that way. It sufficeth me, to put you in Mind of the Passion which I have to your Service, perswading myself,

self, that the Remembrance it will excite in you, shall supplicate for the Fault of Capacity; and that, considering the Ardor of my Zeal, rather than the Beauty of my Discourse, you will content your self with my Difability, and that I assure you once again, how perfectly I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

HAD I been more happy, or more powerful, I had already requited your Favour, instead of giving you Thanks; but being unfortunate as I am, and in such a Degree of Impotency, I have nothing left but Words to send you, as an Acknowledgement of your Deeds. 'Tis true, they are Words most infallibly true, assuring you from my Heart, rather than my Mouth, that I will carry to my Grave the Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

VI. Answers to Letters of Thanks.

S I R,

YOUR Thanks have bought my Service at so dear a Rate, that the Satisfaction which before I received, is utterly now taken from me. Keep your Complements then for some other, and remember to use more familiarity,

S I R,

The most humble of all Servants.

Another.

S I R,

THERE is far more Honour than Contempt in serving you, since by such ready Acknowledgments you

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you hasten the Satisfaction. The Excess of your Nobleness undoes me, not being able to endure Thanks for the Performance of my Duty ; and therefore, since my Endeavours in your Behalf can be stil'd no other, I beseech you to vary your Terms, and to consider me always in the Quality I am of,

S I R,
Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,
I Complain much of the Excess of your Civility and Courtship, since our nice poeal Friendship is therein greatly interested. You give Thanks for the Service which you desired of me, as though I were not obliged to it of Necessity. Leave off that ill Custom, if you please, and know that the Language of Complement is unknown to true Friends, whereof I am one, and which is more,

S I R,
Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,
Your Complements have put me into a very ill Humour ; I cannot write to you but in Choler, since you see me as a Stranger, as appears by the superfluity of your Ceremonies and unprofitable Thanks. It seems you have wholly forgot the absolute Power that your merit has obtained over me, which causes me once again to put you in Mind, that you will be sooner weary in commanding, than I in executing, as being undeservedly.

S I R,
Your most humble Servant.

VII. Letters

VII. *Letters of Entreaty.**S I R,*

THE Report of your generous Disposition, gives me the Boldness to implore your Favour in the Dispatch of your Business, whose Success depends absolutely on your Authority. 'Tis true, I have not the Honour to be known by you; but that being a particular Misfortune of mine, I desire it may not serve as a Pretence to the Refusal of my Demand; assuring you that I should endeavour to make known, by real Service, rather than Name.

*S I R,**Your most humble Servant.**Another.**S I R,*

MY avowed Service and Friendship gives me the Freedom to implore your Favour in Behalf of the Power you have given me, to employ your Endeavours in all Sorts of Encounter, but upon Occasions that may offer themselves, wherein I may witness how much I am,

*S I R,**Your most humble Servant.**Another.**S I R,*

SEeing you make as great Account of my Entreaty, as I do of your Commands, you will easily accord unto me this, which is, to sustain with your Authority Business of mine own in Agitation, that it may be determined to my Advantage. I doubt not of your Power, and less of your Nobleness, which force me to believe

believe that you will comply with this Occasion offered you, to oblige extremely,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

Since your complain of my Importunity, accuse your own Freeness; for if you had been less generous, I had been less bold; but seeing I know by Experience in what a high Degree Civility and Courtesy predominate in you, I am constrained to think, that my Entreaty will not be unacceptable, which is, that you would be pleased to mollifie with your Eloquence, that harsh Conceit that Master N. has of me. In this Encounter you will oblige us both together, since giving him to understand my Innocence, he will easily give place to Reason. This Favour, in particular, I hope from your Goodness, as you on the contrary may expect all Sorts of Service from my Duty, in Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

VIII. *Answers to Letters of Entreaty.*

S I R,

HAVING done all you desired of me, with great Satisfaction and little Pains, I desire you'd prepare some new Command, whereby the Passion I have to serve you, may not be left unprofitable, and you shall see by my Observance, that I have no greater Pleasure in the World, than to make my self remarked in all Places,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

S I R,

After many Thanks returned you for the happy Employment you gave me in your Service, I think all Things fell out accordingly to your Desire, which gave me ample Occasion to rejoyce, as participating in all Things that concern you in particular. I beseech you to do me the Favour, that I may never have Occasion to doubt it, since I profess my self as much as any Man in the World,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, R. R.

Another.

S I R,

I Could wish you had every Day Occasion to command my Service, that I might continually have the good Fortune to produce new Proofs of my Obedience. I performed happily the last Commands wherewith you were pleased to honour me, which gives me Cause to believe that you will not long let me rest unprofitable without giving me some other Sort of Employment, wherein I may find more Satisfaction, as proving it more painful. This I beseech you to do, in Quality,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, R. T.

Another.

S I R,

Finding so much Felicity in executing the Commands which you imposed upon me, I am ashamed to reckon it into the Number of the Services, which I desire to render you, it being an Encounter of so little Importance, for my Satisfaction and your Interest, that I beseech you give some other Employment, wherein

I

I may witness according to your Merit and my Affection, how unfeignedly I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, N. A.

IX. *An Answer of Excuse to a Letter of Entreaty.*

S I R,

MORE sorry am I than your self, that I am not able to effect your Command. The Duty which you expect, does not absolutely depend on me, so that to render it worthily, I am to implore the Favour of another Man, who professeth to incline totally to the adverse Party. Do not think that I make these Excuses to avoid the Occasion which presented it self for your Service; but believe, I beseech you, that in other Encounters, I will comport my self with so much Passion, that you shall be forc'd to confess I am unfeignedly,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, N. B.

Another of Excuse.

S I R,

DID you know in what Disorder my Misfortune causes me to write, since I am not able to satisfy your Desire, you would have Pity on my Affection, being it wholly proceeds from my Grief, that the Power to do you Service is taken from me. I speak this from my Heart and Soul, and being the Friendship I promised you, taught me the Language, I will constrain my self to believe, that it is eloquent enough to persuade you, that only the Want of Ability deprives me, at this present of the Honour and Contentment to witness unto you how much I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, A. L.

X. Con-

X. *Congratulatory Letters of some good Fortune happening to a Friend.*

S I R,

D I D you but know how excessive joyful I was at the News of your good Fortune, you would make a Doubt whether your own Resentment might be equalled to mine or no : Truly, Sir, there could nothing be added to it ; and besides, it proceeds wholly from the Friendship that long ago I vowed to your good Nature, which is not vulgar, since it has your Desert for the Object. I could say more, if the Excess of my Gladness would give me the Freedom : Wherefore, for the present, I must suffice my self, that you remain assured, how the Contentment which I take, can be equalled by nothing but the Passion which I have to your Service, as being,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

S I R,

T H E News of your Promotion into that Charge which you wished for so long, hath added such Contentment and Satisfaction to my Thoughts, that I am able to express but one Part of the Joy which reigns in me. I trouble not my self to persuade you to it by a long Discourse ; your own Merit and our reciprocal Friendship (supposing that the Defect of my Eloquence) will give a far better Testimony, than any Pen is able, which has in Charge at this Present only to put you in Mind, that I am always, according to Capacity.

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

S I R,

THE Part which I always took in your Interest, shall witness unto you, at this present the Excess of my Joy which I conceiv'd at the News of your good Fortune; and tho' I be not one of the first to congratulate it with you, yet I am one of the most sensible in the Common Contentment which possesseth the World. The Diligence or Delay of a Post, can advance or diminish no Man's Duty in this Kind of Encounter, since nothing but Zeal and Affection are considerable; which gives me great Confidence at this present, as being more than any Man in the World,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

S I R,

DO not admire that I am one of the last who congratulate with your good Fortune; the Joy which I conceiv'd, was so extream, that it would afford me no sooner the Liberty to acquit my self. I know the most of your Friends have prevented me: But being their Satisfaction is small, I do not wonder if their Diligence be the greater. As for my Part, my Idleness increaseth my Merit, since the Way and Protraction proceedeth only from the Excess of the Gladness of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XI. *Answers to Letters of Congratulation.*

S I R,

ALways believing you were so generous as to take Part in whatsoever should concern me, having begun so strict a Commerce of reciprocal Friendship,

C

I

persuade my self likewise, that you make no doubt of the Passion which I have to do you Service (by which Means only I am able to merit the Effects of your Nobleness) whereof you may be as confident, as of the most assured Thing in the World, since I am in Heart and Soul,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

S I R,

SINCE you take Part in the good Fortune which has befallen me, you must also participate in the Advantage of the new Credit which it hath brought me into. This I advise you of, to the End that you let not any Occasion slip, wherein you may procure new Proofs of my Passion, nor forget this Advice which I give you, since I shall die of Impatience, if I expect long the Opportunity to witness unto you, how deeply I am,

S I R,

Your Servant and Friend. M.

Another.

S I R,

THANKS being needless for these new Proofs of your Nobleness which you have shewn in my Behalf, (because they are Actions so proper to your Nature, that without them you could not possibly live) I must give you Praises then, and account my self happy, that I serve as an Object to your virtuous Inclinations ; whereof I should become envious, but that they do not admit any Hopes of Imitation, and therefore I reserve Admiration to contemplate them in Quality of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant. N

Another

Another.

S I R,

THE new Assurances which you have given me of your Friendship, in bearing Part of my good Fortune, having yielded me much more Satisfaction, than my Advancement it self, as preferring the Happiness of your Affection, before my own Particular; you have touch'd me so sensibly, in mingling my Interests with your own, that I shall never lose the Remembrance of so great a Favour, wishing that some Occasion would offer it self, whereby I might in some Part merit it by the Reality of my Service, since I am, and will be, all my Life,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XII. *A Letter to a Person of Quality, acknowledging some Favours receiv'd.*

My Lord,

N O T rendering you so much as Thanks for the Favours which your Goodness has been pleas'd to heap upon me, since this Excess force me to a Silence, as taking from me all Means to revenge my self: it sufficeth me you believe, that I will sooner lose my self, than the Remembrance of your Bounty. I know your Lordship satisfy'd your self first, every Time you oblig'd me; but being I cannot do so, what Advantage soever I take, without rendering you some Service of Consideration, I humbly beseech your Lordship to grant me the Liberty to importune you all Times to honour me with your Comands, to the End that by the Innocency of my Observance, you may be constrain'd to know, that if you be extreamly generous, I am no less sensible, nor no less,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servant, &c.

Another.

S I R,

Since you expect Thanks worthy of the Favour wherewith you have been pleas'd to honour me, I humbly beseech your Lordship to afford me the Terms, that I may repeat them after you for your Satisfaction. I confess boldly my Incapacity to express unto your Lordship the Resentment which your Obligations cause in me, as well as my Disability in meeting with Occasions to acquaint my self. But as general Actions carry their own Recompence along with them, all that I can do is, to put your Lordship continually in Mind of your Nobleness, and to publish it in all Corners of the World, together with the Quality of,

My LORD,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

XIII. Letters to complain of Backbiting.

S I R,

THIS told me, that you maintain'd a certain Discourse to my Disadvantage ; I beseech you, out of Charity, repent your self in Time, if you would not have me constrain you to a more righteous Penance ; I understood not jesting, if I begin it not my self ; wherefore correct your Pleading, or I will cause you to lose both your Suit and Charge. I give you this fair Warning, that you may have less Cause to complain hereafter ; when I shall perceive in as humble a Submission, as I expect, I'll then take it into my Consideration, whether I ought to be, for the Time to come, as hitherto I have been,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant

Another

Another.

S I R,

UNderstanding that when you have nothing else to do, you take upon you to backbite a Person very near ally'd unto me ; 'tis the worst Trade and most dangerous, that you can employ your self in. But if your Wine be the Cause of these Extravagancies, I advise to mingle it with Water as soon as you can , otherwise I shall be constrain'd to force you to such a long Silence, that no Man shall ever hear you speak hereafter. 'Tis the charitable Advice, if you follow it, of,

S I R,

Your Servant, M.

XIV. *Answers to Letters of Complaints.*

S I R,

NOT writing this Letter to give you Satisfaction, but to comply with my own Honour in the Innocence I have always liv'd, you are to blame to make those false Reporters my Judges, from whose Sentence I appeal, as from my Abuse ; yet you may believe what you please, being you are willing to explicate your self any farther. And if you be not satisfied with the Assurance I give, (that I never dream'd of offering you) I leave you to fair Paper and Ink, whereby you may signify unto me your Mind and Intention ; whether good or bad, I care not. It sufficeth me, that you call to Remembrance the Name and Quality which I once bore of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

*Another.**S I R,*

THose that told you I abus'd your Kinswoman, abuse me. I know (without any Man's Intimation) the Respect I owe to that Sex: For what she had given me, my Reason should always have forc'd me to hold my Peace. As for the Rest, know that Wine never made me speak; and if you be so foolish as to believe it, I know a Way to punish your Folly. I tell you what I mean to do, that you may have no Pretence to say I surprize you unawares, at our next meeting, where I have good Hope to make you feel how worthily I can chastise those that will not be contented with Reason. 'Tis the Resolution of,

*S I R,**Your Servant as much as you please, M.*

XV. *Congratulatory Letters to a New-married Man.*

S I R,

JOY being the Consequence of your happy Choice, I now make bold to congratulate you, being glad that you have now divided the Power which you had requir'd over my Afflictions, as honouring at this present your dear self, with the Respect that heretofore I render'd to you only, I will persuade my self, you will make no doubt of it, no more than of the Passion I have to your Service, in Quality of,

*S I R,**Your most humble Servant. M.**Another.*

Another.

S I R,

DO not expect that I should formally congratulate with you the good Fortune of your Marriage, since I interest my self in all your Contentments. It sufficeth me to put you in mind that your good and ill Fortune shall be the sole Cause of all my Joys and Discontents, as fully resolv'd to follow your Resentments, in Quality of,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant, M.

XVI. Answers to Letters of Congratulation.

S I R,

ALways believing that you lov'd me so much as to participate in my Contentments, they are Effects of your good Nature and Nobleness, to which I am extremely obliged. But I can assure you, that in the Ejection I have made of a Wife, you have obtain'd a new Servant, since she partakes already in the Passion which I have to serve you, being,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant. M.

Another.

S I R,

KNowing you so generous, that you interest your self in all Things which concern me, I am ashamed daily of receiving new Proofs, since I cannot encounter with a fit Occasion to revenge my self. All that I can say then is, that I shall have the same Resentment in all Affairs, which shall touch you in particular, as being by Inclination, as well as Reason,

S I R

Your most humble Servant, M.

XVII. *Letters protesting Friendship.*

S I R,

SINCE I have made a Vow to be your most perfect Honourer all my Life, and not to remit one Point of the Passion which I have to do you Service. I shall never content my self, except some Occasion be offer'd very suddenly, whereby these Words may be chang'd into Effects. 'Tis the only good Fortune which I expect with Impatience, being not a little griev'd that I bear in vain the Quality of,

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant.**Another.*

S I R,

DO not wonder if I importune you so often with my Letters; I have no greater Pleasure in the World, than to assure you of the Esteem I make of your Friendship, and Entreaty of Mind. 'Tis true, these are but Words; but seeing they are dictated by my Heart, I am satisfied in acquitting my self of that which I owe you. If Occasions to do you Service would offer themselves, as often as they do to write to you, I would give Testimony by my Actions, rather than my Discourse, that I was never in Complement.

S I R,

*Your most humble Servant, M.**Another.*

S I R,

SINCE my ill Fortune deprives me of Occasions to serve you, I must, for my own Satisfaction, witness unto you the Passion which predominates in me. I know your Deserts and Conditions have acquir'd you

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you Servants without Number ; but *I* can assure you, with as much Ostentation as Reason, that joyn them all together, *I* am.

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

S I R,

THE Inclination which *I* have to esteem you more than all the World, will not suffer me to let any Opportunity slip, without giving you new Assurances of this Truth. Not that *I* cease to be in a continual Impatiency of expecting Occasions to give you more effectual Proofs, but because they being not dependant of my Will, *I* satisfy my self, in letting you know, that she shall never force me to any other Thing, than to make open Profession of the

S I R,

Your most humble Servant, T. A.

XVIII. Answers to Letters protesting Friendship.

S I R,

BE as frequent as you please in giving me new Assurances of your Friendship, all the Proofs that you can have of mine, cannot render it more perfect than it is. But *I* can assure you, that if my Endeavour could take Effect, or my Vows Accomplishment, you should not long account me in the Number of your unprofitable Servants, but o^c,

S I R,

Your most humble and most faithful Friend.

Another.

S I R,

I will never refuse the Honour which you do me in professing to love me extreamly : But since I have no Merit to oblige you thereto, I dare not publish my good Fortune, justly fearing to be deprived of it every Moment : Nor because I believe you will prove fickle, but reasonable ; and that therefore your Reason may oblige you to make me lose this good Fortune, which mine only and your Courtesie acquir'd me. But whatsoever happens, I shall be never other than,

S I R,

*Your most humble and most obedient Servant.**Another.*

S I R,

MY Pride will become insufferable, if you interest your self often in the Delay of my Return. I wonder you can find me wanting at the Court, where you have Admirers without Number ; but if I could be persuaded that my Absence did occasion your Disquiet, or that my Presence could be necessary for your Service, you should not be able to detain me from the Town, whither your Commands shall soon call me, when you are pleas'd to expect Proofs of my Obedience, as being,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

XIX. *Letters to clear one's self of a false Report.*

S I R,

Needing not much Eloquence to persuade my Innocency touching the Report which was made to you of late I will oblige my self to make them confess

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less the Truth publickly, that have been too shameless to maintain the contrary in private. 'Tis a Malice so ill contriv'd, (though black as Hell) that I am persuaded it will deceive it self. For what Appearance is there, that having receiv'd an Infinity of Favour from your Goodness, I should so irreverently condemn a thousand other noble Qualities that elevate your Esteem above the Common? I beseech you believe that I shall be their Admirers all my Life, and a continual Flail to the Broachers of this Imposture. I have no Respect of Persons when my Honour is question'd; I bear a Sword to defend it with the Hazard of my Life, which I esteem far less. But if this cannot give you Satisfaction, let me know the Name of the Reporter, and I will make you Sport, in laying open the Particulars of his Knavery, and the Sincerity of my Innocency, which shall give you sufficient Cause never to make doubt of the Passion I have to serve you, as being,

S I R,

Your most humble and obedient Servant.

Another.

S I R,

IT is an easy Matter for any Man to accuse me; but I defy all the World together, to convince me in the least Respect. 'Tis true, I could not speak in that Company, but some must hear me; but be pleas'd to shew me my Adversary, and I'll engage my self to make him sign me an Acquaintance of my Innocence with his own Blood. I boast of nothing that I will not do; for let me but know the Broachers of that Imposture, and I will easily let you know their Malice, which shall force you to believe (as I most humbly intreat you) that I will sooner lose my Life, than the Honour and Scile of being,

S I R,

*Your most humble and obedient Servant, M.
Answer.*

*Another.**S I R,*

I Will not justify my self with Words, of the As-
 perſion laid upon me, deſigning by Effects to let you
 ſee my Innocence, as clear as the Malice of thoſe
 that would have blemiſh'd it black and pernicious, I
 beſeech you think that I ſhall never be able to forget
 the Reſpect I owe you ; and if any have the Boldneſs
 to accuſe me of it, my Sword ſhall impoſe them a
 moſt rigorous Penance, ſince I proffer to be always
 what I always was,

*S I R,**Your moſt humble Servant, M. A.**XX. Answers to Letters of Juſtification.**S I R,*

TIS true, I was told you abus'd me behind my
 Back ; but ſince I never gave you Cauſe, and
 on the other Side, your Diſcretion being ſufficiently
 known to me, I was not ſo much as tempted to give
 Credit to it ; you needed not then to have juſtified
 your ſelf of a Fault, whereof I eſteem'd you always
 innocent. The Reputation you bear in all Places
 of the World, may ſeem as Judge to condemn your
 Accuſers ; wherefore you may ſleep in Quiet, ſince
 I account my ſelf diſintereſted, and place me in the
 Number of,

*S I R,**Your moſt humble and moſt affectionate Servant.**Another.**S I R,*

BEfore I can declare you guilty, you muſt confeſs
 your ſelf faulty with your own Mouth ; for the
 Teſtimonies of all the World cannot hinder the
 good Opinion I have of your Integrity. Men may
 calum-

calumniate your Reputation as much as they please; but it shall always hold your Accusers to be in Fault, since it is impossible I should lose the Esteem which I conceive of your Desert, being,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant

XXI. *A Letter from a Youth to his Parents.*

Ever-honour'd Father and Mother,

MY Absence from you has not been a little tedious to me, yet in Consideration my being separated thus from you, is entirely design'd for my Good and future Welfare, I bear it with as much Calmness and Discretion as can reasonably be expected from one of my tender Years, and whose Affection is so great towards you; nor shall I in the least neglect to improve my self all that my Capacity will enable me, in the Study and Affairs you desire I should be perfect in, being not without a reasonable Hope that I shall acquit my self to your Satisfaction, and my own Advantage. I am constrained, in the mean Time, to let you know you stand in need of those Necessaries I told you off in my last, and in part, when you gave me the last Visit, and Credit and Improvement in Learning. I should have much longer forbore to have urg'd it to you so pressingly as now I must, and am constrain'd to do, hoping I may live in some Measure to requite the Trouble and Charge I put you to, and ever shew a dutiful Respect that may be pleasing to, and render a Part of Satisfaction for your tender Love and careful Regard. In the mean Time I must beg your Pardon for my thus presuming, entreating you to excuse it: And so with my hearty Prayers and good Wishes for your Health and Prosperity, I remain

Your ever dutiful and obliging Son, T. D.

A Letter of Promise to delay Time.

S I R,

I Am not forgetful, neither does my Memory fail continually to mind me of the Promise I made you ; nor can I be so disingenuous to my self or you, as not to conclude you punctually expected it should be fulfilled ; however, I must beg your Pardon if I cannot do it so soon as I expected, though I am not in the least neglectful to procure that I promis'd you ; nor do I ever intend to be so, till I have given you that full Satisfaction which I doubt not but will be answerable to your Desires ; and resolving to spare no Opportunity in using my utmost Diligence to give you Contentment with all convenient Speed, in making my Promise good to you, I subscribe my self,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

B. C.

*A Letter from a Husband to his Wife
and Children.*

Dear Wife,

Since I departed from you and my Children, my Mind has not been absent from you, nor my tender Love and Affection in the least stray'd from you ; I have us'd all possible Diligence to dispatch my getting in Business, that I might be again where my choicest Treasure is, and have in this sent you a Token of a Loving Remembrance, requiring you not to fail in letting me know how you and my Family do,

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do, as to your Estate, Condition, Health, and Liking, which is the great Concern of my Thoughts, and which I ever tender equal, if not superiour to my own; and so with all the Love and tender Regard of a Husband and Father, with my Love to you, our Children and all our Friends and Relations, I ever remain,

Kind Wife,

Your loving Husband, P. G.

A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another, to desire her Company and Conversation.

Madam,

EMbolden'd by *Impatience* for you Absence, after long struggling with my self as well knowing how happy you are in your Retirement, I have presum'd to make this Letter an important Messenger of my earnest Desires to see you return'd again, and for this it carries a very lawful Excuse with it, bearing upon your Promise when we last parted, which you made of a speedy Return; and though I cannot forbear to tax you of passing the Time appointed; however, I will make the most candid Interpretation of your good Intentions, and generously pardon you the Time elaps'd, if with a free Compliance to this my Request, you bring me back your self with all convenient Speed, that I may again enjoy the Company of her who is as dear to me as any in the World; so expecting your ready Compliance with my reasonable Demands, I say no more, 'till I see you, but remain,

Your ever-loving Friend to oblige you in all I may,

N. G.

A Letter of Advice from a Father to his Son.

Dear Son,

I Cannot but always bear you in my Mind, though you are absent from me, and with a fatherly Tenderness am ever studying your Welfare, and therefore relying upon it, not without some Confidence, that you will be advised by me in Things for your Good, I have undertaken to give you some Cautions and Instructions, together with the Money I have sent you to maintain your Part in the Affair you had undertaken. And the first is, that you are not inveigled and drawn away to listen to the pernicious Smoothings and Soothings of Flatterers and Parasites, or such crafty Persons, whose Design is to prey upon, and insensibly, if not timely avoided, draw you into Mischief, if not into utter Ruine. Fly the Company of prophane and debauch'd Persons, as from a Habitation infected with the Pestilence; and if you keep Company, be sure let it be with modest, sober, and discreet Persons, and those that are your Superiours, rather than your Inferiours, if such may be compassed; be humble, modest, and courteous in your Conversation. In the next Place, be diligent in the Management of your Affairs; mind your Employments, and deal justly with all Men, whereby you will not only gain an honest Reputation, but a Blessing will doubtless follow your Endeavours. But above all, be ever thankful to Almighty God for the Mercies and Favours he has been pleased to bestow upon you; pray to him for the Continuance of his Assistance and Support; and in so doing, you may expect a Happiness that will truly give you the Sweets of Life, and in this, very highly oblige him whose Joy it would be to see or hear of your Welfare, and remain

Your ever loving and affectionate Father, L. G.

A

A Letter of Thanks to a Father and Mother.

Ever loving Parents,

AFTER my humble Duty and good Wishes presented to you, I return you both my kindest and hearty Thanks for the tender Care and paternal Love you have extended towards me, and particularly for this last Obligation you have laid on your obedient Daughter, in sending me those Necessaries I entreated at your Hands, which Tokens I had not the Presumption to desire at your Hands. This is the freshest in my Memory, and therefore I have for Brevity sake, omitted to enumerate many others of the like Nature: All the Recompense I am at present able to return in Part of a Retaliation, is, my Prayers for you, my Duty and Obedience towards you, and whatsoever else my tender Years are capable of transmitting; and so 'till I have the Happiness of paying you a Visit, and express by Word of Mouth, by my Affection and Behaviour, and all other Things that can shew a grateful Mind, I rest, humbly begging leave, as in Duty bound, to subscribe my self,

Your very obedient Daughter, A. P.

A Letter from a Maid-Servant in London, to one in the Country.

Dear Dolly,

NOW, according to my Wish, being at London, which is the Glory of England, and for a Time settled in a good Service, your Request (when we parted, and that not without Tears, as you well remember) coming fresh into my Memory, I have taken upon me to write unto you; and to satisfy your Longings, let you know, that this London is a very fine and gallant City, but it is not as we Maids in the Country were told

~~your old and witty~~ improb'd : or,
told or fancy'd, pay'd with Gold and Silver, but most-
ly with Stones, such as we mend our Highways withal;
and yet may well be said to be pay'd with Gold and
Silver too, for that pays for the Stones, and Paving at a
very dear Rate ; but to let that pass, I was no sooner
arriv'd, but I was settled in a Place, and not long after
discover'd that those pretended Dangers and pretended
Inconveniencies, which we Country Lasses were fre-
quently discourag'd withal, prov'd only *Chimera's* to
frighten us from the Pursuit of our better Fortunes and
Advantages, that we might become perpetual Drudges
in the Rural Cock-loft, and that other might have the
Marrow of our Bones with little or no Profit to
our selves. This Artifice they use, to keep us in
Ignorance of those Preferments Maids may here arise
to by their Industry, modest Carriage, and civil Be-
haviour ; therefore dear *Dolly*, do not be discourag'd
but make it your Concernment to leave the Milk-pail,
and serving of Swine, and to come to *London* with the
first Opportunity, where, if you are tollerably Cun-
ning, can discern Coyness, and wheedle a little, in
a short Time, it is ten to one, but you may light of a
good Husband, and so from a Servant be translated
to a Mistress ; for here it appears are a power of amo-
rous Fellows, that will soon be nibbling at the Bait of
your Maidenhead ; and if you can but carry your
Business closely and demurely, you need not fear to
catch a Gudgeon. As for my self, I have three or
four Sweet-hearts already, among the Rest, our Jour-
ney-man and eldest Prentice ; the Latter I like best,
but he is not out of his Time ; yet in a little while he
will, and in the mean while I will lye upon the Catch
to snap him up : If this be the Encouragement, make
haste to *London*, and the Carrier will direct you where
to find me, who will most willingly assist you in all
I can ; and so in Expectation very shortly to see you,
I remain,

Your old Companion and loving Friend, K. D.
A.

*A Letter from an Apprentice in London, to his
Master in the Country.*

Worthy Sir,

Finding your Stay beyond my Expectation, I have taken the Boldness to write unto you, and by this silent Messenger send to you my hearty Wishes for your Health and happy Journey, and withal let you know that at Home we are in good Health, and all Things go forward successfully, my Care being no less in your Absence than if you were present; so wishing earnestly your Return when your Affairs will permit, or your Pleasure shall dispose you to do it, I humbly crave leave to subscribe my self

Your most faithful and obedient Servant, G. C.

A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle.

Honoured Sir,

I Have made bold to address you with a few Lines, to let you know not only that I am in Health, but also to present my humble Respects and Duty to you, ever wishing you abundance of Felicity in Health, Wealth, and many Prosperous Days, with the like Duty and Respect, and the same good Wishes, to my dear Aunt, and my cordial Love to my Cousins, and all the rest of my Relations near you, hoping in a short Time in Person to tender you more effectually my dutiful Acknowledgement for all the Favours and Kindnesses I have receiv'd at your Hands, promising my self a continuance of them by the ready Obedience I shall always shew, who am

Your loving Kinsman and oblig'd Servant, A. P.

A.

*A plain down-right Country Love Letter from
Roger to his Sweet-heart Joan.*

Sweet Honey Joan,

I Have sent thee a Thing, such a one as the Gentle-folks calls a Love Letter ; it was indited by my self after I had drank two or three Pots of Ale ; but 'twas written in a *Roman* Joyning-hand, by the School Master, who is Clark of the Parish, to whom I gave Six-pence for his Pains. Truly, *Joan*, and marry *Joan*, thou knowest how many a time and oft have I fetch'd home thy Cows, when no Body knew who did it. Marry, *Joan*, thou knowest I always play'd on thy Side at Stook-ball ; and when thou did'st turn the Garland in the *Whitson*-Holidays, marry, *Joan*, I was sure to be be drunk that Night for Joy. Marry, *Joan*, cry I still, but when wilt thou marry me, *Joan* ? I know thou dost love *Will* the Taylor, who, 'tis true is a very quiet Man, and foots it most secretly ; but I can tell thee, *Joan*, I think I shall be a better Man than he very shortly, for I am learning of a Fidler to play on the Kit, so that if thou wilt not yield the sooner, I will Ravish thee e're long with my Musick : 'Tis true, I never yet gave thee a Token, but I have here sent the one ; I bought in the *Exchange*, where all the Folks huted at me ; but thought I, hoot and be hang'd and you will, for I will buy a Top-knot for *Joan* ; and I can assure thee, *Joan*, 'twill make a better Shew in the Church, than a green Bay-leaf by thy Side. But what wilt thou give me for that, *Joan* ? Alas, I ask nothing but thy self ; come, *Joan*, thou shalt give me thy self, come, I prithe thee, *Joan*, give me thy self ; Law ye, what a happy Day would that be to see thee with thy best Cloaths on at Church, and the Parson saying, I *Hodge* take thee *Joan* ; and by the Mass I would take thee, and hug thee, and hug

hug thee, and busk thee, and then hey away to the Ale-house, and hey for the Musicians, and the Canaries, and the Syllabubs, and the Shoulder of Mutton and Gravy; and so having no more to say, I rest assur'd of your good Will.

*Thy own dear Sweet-heart;
Trusty Hodge the Plow-man.*

A Letter from a Wife to her Husband.

Loving Husband,

YOUR Absence being more tedious to me than you may imagine, I cannot but in a kind and gentle Manner chide you for so long detaining your self from the Company of her who so entirely and affectionately loves you, whose Steps are changed into unquiet Slumbers, and whose Dreams are troublesome to her, because many times I dream of Dangers, and fancy you be fallen into them; and then walking in a Fright, feeling by my Side, and missing you, my troubled Spirits fall into much Disorder; wherefore, for the Repose of her you profess you so much love, bring me your self again with all convenient Speed, who am

Your most affectionate Wife till Death, A. C.

A Letter from a Lover to her Love.

IF your Heart be your own, I demand it for a New Year's-Gift, and from you no other Present will be acceptable. If it be at your Disposal oblige me in sending it me, or bringing it me; and be you sure that I have nothing; I say nothing which I ought to refuse as a Recompence for a Present which will be so dear to me.

Directions

Directions for Pointing, or the Use of Stops in Writing or Reading true English.

Since Points, or Stops are absolutely necessary in Writing and Reading good Sense, I think it a Duty incumbent on me to give a brief Account of them ; which are taken as follow :

Comma	(,)	An Interrogation	(?)
Semicolon	(;)	A Parenthesis	()
Colon	(:)	Obelisk	(†)
A Full-point	(.)	Hyphen, or Division	(-)
Afterism	(*)	An Index	(‡)
An Admiration	(!)		

1. A Comma is a Note of convenient Silence, or rather a Breathing-time to that which succeeds, mark'd thus — ,

As for Example, *Love's Companions* be *unquiet Longings, fond Comforts, faint Discomforts, Hopes, Jealousies, Carefulness.*

2. A Semicolon is a Pause somewhat longer than a Comma, and thus noted — ;

Example. *Her witty Persuasions had wise Answers ;
her Eloquence recompens'd with Sweetness ; her Threat-
nings repell'd with Disdain.*

3. A Colon is a middle Distinction between a Comma and a Full-stop in the middle of a Sentence, mark'd thus — :

Example. If I speak nothing, I choke my self, and am in no Way of Relief : If simply, neglected : If confus'd, not understood : If I express any Thing very lively of what I truly feel this is a Token, forsooth, my Thoughts are too much at leisure.

4. A

4. A Period is a perfect or Full-point, to put at the End of a compleat Sentence, mark'd thus — .

Example. *Lines cannot blush, so long as Modesty admits a Freedom to my Pen. It would be tax'd Immodesty, being discover'd by the Tongue.*

5. A Note of Exclamation or Administration, is thus noted — !

Example. *Oh endless Endeavours ! O vain glorious Ignorance !*

6. A Note of Interragation, thus ?

Example. *What shall I do ? Whether shall I flee ? Whom shall I blame ? What shall I pretend ?*

7. A Parenthesis is shutting a Sentence between two Half-Moons, which notwithstanding, the Discourse remains entire, noted thus — ()

Example. *Tell me ingeniously (if there be any Ingenuity in you) whether you did not know it.*

8. Index thus,  is to note from the Margin what is remarkable.

9. Obelisk, noted thus †, always refers from the Matter to the Margin.

10. Asterism thus mark'd, * when any Part of a Sentence is lost or wanting

11. Hyphen, or Division, mark'd thus (-), is a Note of Connexion, as some-times, House-keeping.

The true Method of writing Bills of Exchange, Receipts, &c.

The first Bill.

Ourland.

Alicant, the 24th of July, 1721.

206 l. Sterl.

A T three Months after Date of this my first Bill of Exchange, my Second and third not being paid, pray pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of Two hundred Pounds Sterling, Value receiv'd of Mr. Edward Symmonds, at Four Shillings Three Pence per

per Piece of Eight : At Time pray make good Payment,
allowing it to the Account of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. S. muel Your loving Friend,
Stephens, Merch. Lond. Edward Webb.

Alicant, the 25th of July, 1720. 200 l. Sterl.

A T three Months after Date of this my third Bill of
Exchange, my first or third not being paid, pray pay
unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of Two
hundred Pounds Sterling. Value receiv'd of Mr. Edward
Symmonds, at Four Shillings Three pence per Piece of
Eight : At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to
the Account of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. Samuel Your loving Friend,
Stephens, Merch. Lond. Edw. Webb.

Alicant, the 25th of July, 1720. 200 l. Sterl.

A T three Months after Date of this my third Bill of
Exchange, my first and second not being paid, pray
pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of
Two hundred Pounds Sterling. Value receiv'd of Mr. Edw.
Symmonds, at Four Shillings Three pence per Piece of
Eight : At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it
to the Account of (as per Advice)

200 l. Sterl. to Mr. Samuel Your loving Friend,
Stephens, Merchant, Edward Webb.
in London.

A Receipt (in Part) for Rent.

Otober the 4th, 1720.

R eceived of Mr. Thomas Sharp, the Sum } l. s. d.
of Five Pounds Ten Shillings, being in } 5 10 0
Part for half a Year's Rent due at Michael-
mas last past. I say, received per me,

John Love.

A Receipt (in full) for Rent.

April the 6th, 1724.

R Eceiv'd of Edward Spurling, the Sum
of Six Pounds, being in full for half
a Year's Rent, due at Lady-day last past. I } 6 0 0
say, receiv'd per me,
Allow'd the 3d and 4th
Quarters Tax. John Day.

A Receipt (in Part) in Trade

August the 4th, 1724.

R Eceiv'd of Mr. Isaac How, the Sum of ten Pounds
ten Shillings, being in Part of Goods bought. I
say, receiv'd by me,
Richard Slater.

A Receipt (in full) in Trade.

September 3d, 1724.

R Eceiv'd of Mr. John Swift, six Pounds four Shillings
in Money and Goods, which is in full of all Ac-
counts whatsoever from the said John Swift, to this Day.
I say, receiv'd in full by me,
George Hurry.

A Note of one's Hand for Money due.

I Promise to pay Mr. John Newbolt, (or Bearer) the
Sum of ten Pounds six Shillings, on Demand, or Va-
lue reciev'd. Witness my Hand,
Joshua Emery.

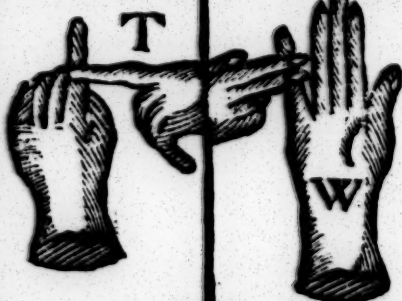
The Silent Language, by Motion of Hand.

THis Art is performed by the 24 Letters upon your Hand and Fingers, which you must learn, and then you must spell the Words you intend your Friend shall know; the Letters are very easily learned, and as easily remembered. I have learned several Persons in less than half an Hour. You must understand that most of the Letters are upon the Left-hand, and made with the Fingers of your Right-hand upon your Left-hand; the Fore-finger of your Right-hand, you point to every Letter; but sometimes that and the two next Fingers make several Letters, as you will see. The Vowels are very easy to remember, they being the Tops or Ends of your five Fingers upon your Left-hand, and the Y is the Table or Palm of the Hand, is thus:

The End or Top of the Thumb, is	— — — —	A
The End of the Fore-finger, is	— — — —	E
The End of the Middle-finger, is	— — — —	I
The End of the Ring-finger	— — — —	O
The End of the Little-finger	— — — —	U
The Table or Palm of the Hand	— — — —	Y
One Finger upon the Thumb	— — — —	B
Two Fingers upon the Left-thumb	— — — —	C
Three Fingers upon the Left-thumb	— — — —	D
Your two Fingers laid together	— — — —	F
Thump your Fists together	— — — —	G
Stroke the Palm of both your Hands together	— — — —	H
Your Fore-finger upon the left Wrist	— — — —	K
One Finger upon the Back of your Left-hand	— — — —	L
Three Fingers upon the Back of your Left-hand	— — — —	N
Two Fingers upon the Back of your Left-hand	— — — —	N
Clench your Left-hand or Fist, is	— — — —	P
Clench your Right-hand	— — — —	Q

Link





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Link your Little-fingers together ——— R
 The Back of your Hands together ——— S
 The End of your Fore-finger to the middle Joynt of
 the other Fore-finger ——— T
 Two Fingers upon the Little Finger of the Left-
 hand ——— W
 Two Fore-fingers a-cross, is ——— X
 Give two Snaps with your Fingers, is ——— Z

Practice it but a few Times over, and you will soon
 be perfect ; several of the Motions represents the Like-
 ness of the Letter, as one Finger upon the Back of
 your Hand is like L, two Fingers is like N, three is
 like M, the Fore-finger to the middle Joynt of the o-
 ther Fore-finger is like T, two Fingers a-cross is like X.
 Likewise BCD, are very easily remembered, one Finger
 upon the Left-thumb is B, two Fingers C, three
 Fingers D. So the Rest are soon learned, and as easie
 to remember. But you must always remember to give
 a Snap with your Fingers between every Word, that
 your Friend may distinguish one Word from another.
 If you are in Company, and think some in the Com-
 pany understands you, that you would not have, 'tis
 for you to change the Vowels to some other Place of
 the Hand, and then none but your Friend that knows it,
 can understand you. Suppose you would say to your
 Mistress, when she is in a great Company, *Madam, I*
am your humble Servant.

You may lay three Fingers upon the Back of your
 Hand ——— M
 Put your Fingers to the End of your Left-thumb A
 Three Fingers upon the Left-thumb ——— D
 Your Fingers again to your Thumb ——— A
 Three Fingers again on the Back of your Hand—M
 And then give a Snap with the Fingers, for the Sign
 that Word is spelt.

When point the End of your middle Finger ——— I
 Snap your Fingers.

The Art of Making of Complements.

Then point to the End of your Thumb — — — A

Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand — M

Then snap your Fingers,

Then point to the Palm of your Left-hand — — Y

Then point to the End of your Ring finger — — O

Then point to the End of your Ring-finger — — U

Then link your Little-fingers together — — — R

Then snap your Fingers.

Then stroke the Palms of your Hands together — H

Then to the End of the Little-finger — — — U

Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand — M

Then one Finger upon the Thumb — — — B

Then one Finger on the Back of your Hand — — L

Then point to the End of your Fore-finger — — E

Then snap your Fingers.

Then put the Back of your Hands together — — S

Then point to the End of your Fore-finger — — E

Then link your Little fingers — — — — R

Then point to the End of the Little-finger — — — V

Then to the End of the Thumb — — — — A

Then two Fingers on the Back of your Hand — — N

Then point the Fore-finger to the middle Joint of the

other Fore-finger — — — — — T

Then snap your Fingers.

And so you may discourse upon any Matter, If you practise it often, you will soon learn to do it very quick, faster than you can write : If you learn too many, you spoil your Trick, neither let any know that it is done by Letters. I believe it may be near 20 Years since I learned it of a Gentleman in *Worcestershire*; and while I kept him Company (before his Death) I never learned any, which was near 7 Years.

Figure Hand.

You must make an Exchange of these Letters, and use these Figures in their Place.

a e i o u y t n f r
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

And

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And then your Alphabet will be thus :

1 b c d 2 f g h l m 8 p q o 9 7 5 w x 6 2.

G4d Bl:99 K38g G249g2, 18d k22p 59 fo4m
p4p39h 9li15206.

Here you write thus: *God bless King-George, and keep us from Popish Slavery.* You will find in a great many Words nothing but Figures, and there is scarce one Word, great or small, but hath the greatest Part Figures; 'tis so plain to be learned, that I need not give you any farther Instructions, but only to practise them ten Figures instead of the Letters. The other Hand is soon perform'd by exchanging of some Letters, one for the other, as thus;

a e i o u
y t n f r

Which you are to write A, you must write Y; and when you are to write Y, you must write A, and so all the Rest.

As for Example, suppose you would say, *Sir I am your humble Servant*, it is thus;

Ou n ym afra hmblt Orury'e.

This doth appear like another Language, and will puzzle the greatest Wit, and with a little Practice, is soon learn'd; by Reason there is but ten Letters you are to learn one for the other. Your Alphabet will be thus;

A b e d e f g h i k l m n o p q r f t u w x y z.
Y b e d t i g h n k l m i s p q u o e r w x a z.

I shall not proceed any farther, because this is sufficient; but let the Reader practise what I have here shewn him, and he may soon learn the whole Art.

*A never failing Method for Women to get
good Husbands.*

Ladies,

I Presume you will confess, that I have undertaken a very great Task, it being an Age that the Men set a very high value on themselves, insinuating with all the Assurance imaginable, that a Husband is the *Summum Bonum* of all sublunary Blessings; and the Want of a Husband, the greatest Affliction. They would make you believe, that a noble Fortune, with all its agreeable Accommodations, such as a charming Dwelling, a pompous Equipage, a rich furnish'd Table, fine Dress, a sincere and ingenious She Friend, with whom you may divide your Sorrows, and double your joys, and in whose Breast, as a sacred Repository, you may communicate the very Secrets of your Soul over a Pot of Milk or Tea.

This, and more than all This, *viz.* Dominion over your selves, happy Freedom, and dear lov'd Liberty, is all nothing, it signifies nothing without a Husband.

This is the Theme our Sex have so well improved, and so cunningly manag'd, that you, Ladies, verily believe it your selves, as you do your *Creed*, and so 'twould be an *Herculean* Labour, to go about rectifying your Notions; tho' (by the Way) if I had any Hopes of doing something to the Purpose in this Matter, I would, in Charity to the fair Sex, spend the same Time that I intend instructing you to get Husbands, in advising you to shun Mankind, as you value your Repose, at least till they make fairer Propositions.

Well then, Ladies, to come to the Business. If you design to Marry, you must banish from your Countenance and Favour for ever, four Sorts of Men, *viz.* a Beau,

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Beau, a Rattle, a Self-opinionated Fool, and one subject to the Hypo.

For the admiring Addressee for any of these, will only protract Time, and come to nothing; for they not knowing their own Minds one Hour, will eternally teize you: One while they'll be in all the Transports and Raptures of a passionate Lover; the next Day forget they ever saw your Face.

And should you, by a wonderful Chance, catch *Lysander* in the Noose of Matrimony, you're not then within the Reach of Church's-Prayers. For out of Hell is no Redemption.

First then as to the Beau, the excrementitious Part of Conversation: He, *Narcissus* like, will be over ogling him self in a Looking-glass, and daily falling in Love with his own Phiz, though perhaps all the while but one Remove from a Monkey; whilst neglected, *Celia* mobs up her once charming Face, pretends poor Creature to hate Jewels and Dress, because Fop must have a Fifty Guinea Wig, &c. and whilst he is strutting in the Park or at a Play, the only Felicity left her, is a Pot of Coffee, and perhaps some generous She-Friend, that comes to mix Tears with her, and condole her worse than *Egyptian* Slavery.

In the second Place, I would have you shun a Rattle, a Flutter, a Noisey-nothing, as the best of a Family, and miserable is the Body that has such a giddy Head; the prudent Wife having *Penelope's* Task, that is, to Weave a Web that Monsieur *Shatter* never unravels. Thus her Wisdom having got an Antagonist for Life, she must even fight her Way throughout to the Regions of Rest, and never finish her Combat, 'till in her peaceful Grave.

Beware, thirdly, of a Self-opinated, grave, documenting Thing; the very *Grand Seigneur* for Tyranny, that Nods at his Wife at Table, and speaks more by Winks and Signs, than Words. The Conversation of Mutes must certainly be very agreeable; and

in a little Time, without the Trouble of speaking to, *You'll know when to hold up your Head, Miss ; how to stand and kneel at Church.* And being a Man of Literature, he'll commend *Quarles's Emblems* to your Study ; and the more you get by Rote, the better he'll esteem you ; his grave Reprimands will often remind you of your School-Mistress ; and this Confinement make you envy the *Virginia Drudges*, who are freed in seven Years. In short, you have no equal, but a Gally-slave : But if you are of a Spaniel-like Disposition, you may then hug your Shackles, and kiss your Chains.

Lastly, the Hypochondriacal, though they are Persons who design not much Harm, yet the Unhappy she that promises to obey, has a devilish hard Task on't. With these you will lead such a Sort of Life as those in *Bedlam* ; that is to say, quite renounce your own Reason, and be obliged to call black white, or the contrary according to his Humour : For when Deary is dull, tho' you're never so gay, you must live Pensive and Melancholy, or else you're quite undone : For innocent Mirth will be taken for foolish Talking and Jestings. Again, when the Tyde turns, and Deary's Spirits frisk in his Veins, tho' you may be of an even Temper, and know nothing what *Flatus* means, he'll think you disobliging, unless you skip and play like a Morrice-Dancer.

*So, between serious and gay,
You'll divide all your Life :
Too chearful, or dull
For such a Man's Wife.*

There's another Sort of a Wretch, call'd a *Miser*, and Money is the only Idol he adores, and *Celia*, through the Benefit of a good Education, should have a just Estimate of Things, and hate *Mammon* ; yet in this Case also she must v're about, *East South-East*, as the Wind turns, for Advantage, or else be in Danger

ger of a hotter fiery Furnace than *Nebuchadnezzar's* ; there's no help for it, you must fall down and worship the golden Image he has set up.

In short, the Follies of young Men are out of the Reach of Expressions ; the Morosity of old Men not to be endur'd ; the *Clergy* are haughty, the *Laity* vicious.

Notwithstanding this, as in all general Rules, there are some good Men, which one would even dare to Marry, and such a Man is to be won with Airs, and languishing Looks, fine Dress, and twirling the Fan ; now, this only engages the Fop and the Fool. The Person that I would recommend to your Choice, is a Man of Principles, as to Honour and Honesty, Humility and Integrity, of a calm Temper, and ingenious Education ; Wise, without the Character of being a Wit, religious, without being Superstitious ; a Lover of his Country ; not stiff to a Party ; beneficent and candid, without Partiality or Hypocrisy.

This is the good Husband I propose to you, Ladies, but the Difficulty will be how to get him. Now, the Method I would have you pursue, is to imitate the Character of Solomon's wise Woman, whose Price is far above Rubies ; the Heart of whose Husband may safely trust in her. For this Man, as every Creature, loves his like ; and the only Way to obtain him, is to resemble his Virtues.

Thus having performed the Task I undertook, I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Your humble Servant.

A Treatise of Moles in all Parts of the Body, and what their Signification, with Relation to good or bad Fortune.

A Mole in the Middle of the Fore-head, denotes Riches and Advancement, by the Favour of Friends.

A Mole in the right Part of the Forehead, signifies the Life prosperous, and successful in Riches and Love-Affairs ;

78 **Wise and Misch Improb'd : or,**

Affairs ; in the left, that you shall meet with many Crosses and Disappointments.

A Mole between the Eyes, inclining on the Nose, denotes the Party to grow Rich by Marriage.

A Mole on the Nose, signifies speedy and o'ten Marriages, and the Party to be fruitful in Children.

A Mole on the right Cheek, shews the Party to be prosperous in worldly Affairs ; but covetous, and desirous to circumvent other People.

A Mole on the left Cheek, (shews to a Man) Crosses in his Affairs ; to a Woman, loss of Honour, and Danger of Life in Child-birth.

A Mole on the Chin, demonstrates the Person wise, but promises no great Riches,

A Mole on the left Arm, promises much Labour, but on the Right, Riches gained by Industry.

A Mole on the Breast, promises the Party Advancement by the Favour of great Ones.

A Mole on the Belly, demonstrates the Party to be lov'd, and to gain Riches and Advantage by it.

A Mole on or near the ^{Genital} Parts, promises Ability in Duties, vigorous in Love, and successful in many Children.

A Mole on the Back demonstrates much Labour and Sorrow.

A Mole on the right Lip, denotes the Person greatly to be beloved, and fortunate in Love-Affairs.

A Mole on the left Lip, signifies the Party shall be Rich by the Death of Relations.

A Mole on the right Knee, promises Success in Love, and several Marriages.

A Mole on the left Knee, Crosses and Disappointments.

A Mole on the right Leg, promises Plenty, and an easie Life ; but on the Left, Travel and Poverty ; and the like on the right or left Foot, or any Part of the Heel.

Of Dreams, and their Interpretations.

TO dream of Fire, denotes Anger.

To dream you fly, signifies hasty News of strange Things.

To dream you fight and overcome, signifies Victory, or successful over your Adversaries.

To dream one puts a Gold Ring on your Finger, signifies speedy Marriage : But if it seem to break, or falls off, there will be a Disappointment in it.

To dream you see a Flock of Birds that sing or chirp merrily, promises you good News; and that you shall soon grow Rich.

To dream you swim in a tempestuous Water, denotes you shall have much Trouble.

To dream you see the Sun and Moon broad, and very shining, signifies Honour and Riches ; but if eclipsed, Crosses and Disappointments.

To dream of finding small Pieces of Silver, denotes Disappointments in Trade and Business.

To dream you see a Purse hang by your Bed-side with Gold in it, signifies you shall find hidden Treasure.

For a Woman to dream another kisses her, signifies Barrenness, or Disappointment in Love.

To dream you see, and are kindly conversing with your Sweet-heart, promises Marriage.

To dream you are pursued, and strive to escape, but cannot, signifies you will fall into some sudden Danger.

To dream one's Teeth or Eyes fall out, signifies the Loss of some dear Friend.

To dream a Horse, or any other Creature you ride on, runs swiftly, and you cannot stop it, denotes Captivity, and unexpected Losses.

To dream you put on new Apparel, signifies a Change of your Condition.

To dream of one or more Suns or Moons, signifies the Party to have so many Husbands or Wives.

To

To dream you are discoursing with Spirits, signifies you shall discover secret Things.

To dream an old Woman is courting you, signifies Preferment by Marriage, but not without Crosses and Trouble.

To dream you are in a spacious Chamber richly furnish'd, signifies Advancement by the Means of great Ones.

To dream you hear Musick, signifies Mirth and Jollity.

To dream of Dancing betokens a happy Life.

To dream you carry Books, signifies you shall have Preferment by Learning.

To dream of the Cackling of Geese, signifies troublesome Visitants.

To dream you Embrace, signifies Love in Marriage.

To dream you are at a Feast, and greedy, denotes Sicknes.

To dream of much Gold, denotes Riches.

To dream you are a fighting, and overcome, betokens you Success over your Adversaries, or escaping by Strength and Resolution in some Danger laid for you.

To dream you climb a Hill with Pain, betokens Difficulty in obtaining your Desire.

To dream Bees fly about you, light on you, and do you no Harm, betokens many Friends, and Success in Love.

To dream you sing melodiously, betokens a joyful Life in Marriage.

To dream you see Aunts busie at their Work, denotes Riches to come by Industry.

To dream you are a sliding, and fall upon the Ice, betokens loss of Preferment.

To dream Hawks, Vultures, and other Birds of Prey, fly about you, betokens you have powerful Enemies, that seek to disturb your Peace.

To dream you are called, and see no Body, betokens you shall be married to one as you know not.

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To dream you are fishing, and have good Success, [by taking great Fishes], promises you good Fortune.

To dream you see Gold strew'd in your Way, betokens Advancement by Gifts or Legacies, of some Estate falling to you by Death of Relations.

To dream of a Flock of Waterfowl flying to the Sea or River, making a merry Noise, betokens the Storm that threatned you is over, and a happy Time coming.

To dream you see a Man or Woman go to be hang'd, denotes you'll be importuned by some Friend for your Assistance.

To dream one has their Sweet-heart in their Arms, denotes speedy Marriage, and a great deal of Happiness in the Enjoyment.

To dream of many Suns and moons, signifies you will be happy in Children that will rise to great Promotion.

To dream that you see aged People lively and nimble, jocund and merry, betokens long Life, with a healthful Constitution.

To dream you repose on Beds of Flowers with much Pleasure, betokens much Pleasure of Life, in marrying into a rich Family.

To express Numbers, as well by Letters as Figures.

1 one I.
2 two II.
3 three III.
4 four IIII or IV.
5 five V.
6 six VI.
7 seven VII.
8 eight VIII.
9 nine IX
10 ten X.
11 eleven XI.

12 twelve XII.
13 thirteen XIII.
14 fourteen XIV.
15 fifteen XV.
16 sixteen XVI.
17 seventeen XVII.
18 eighteen XVIII.
19 nineteen XIX.
20 twenty XX.
30 thirty XXX.
40 forty XL.

82 **Cost and Birth improb'd: or,**

50 fifty L.

60 sixty LX.

70 seventy LXX.

80 eighty LXXX.

90 ninety XC.

100 hundred C.

1000 thousand M.

1724 on thousand seven

hundred & twenty four.

MDCCLXXIV.

Note, That the lesser Number set before, takes away so much as it self is, from the greater, but being set after, adds so much to it, as IV makes four, but VI six; IX nine, but XI eleven.

If you would express one and a half, two and a half, it must be thus;

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ — — — 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Two and three Quarters, thus :

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ — — — 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Having learned to know the Figures and Marks whereby Numbers are expressed, the next Thing that is necessary, is, how to make Use of them in the Way of Trade, or Business, to which End we must know all Numbers are express'd by these Characters, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Which last Cypher signifies nothing of itself, but serves to fill up the Number of Places; and therefore every Figure hath a double Value, one single and certain, the other uncertain, according as 'tis plac'd.

Now, because 'tis not intended to give you a Body of *Arithmetick*, I shall not only shew how to cast up a small Sum, as suppose you have received

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Of one Man</i>	0	1	6
<i>Of another</i>	0	2	3
<i>Of another</i>	1	3	2
<i>Of another</i>	0	9	8
<i>Of another</i>	3	7	11
<i>Of another</i>	2	4	2

If you would know what all these Sums amounts to, you must do thus. Go to the outward Row of Figures on the Right-hand, and say,

2 and 11 is 13; then make a Point against 11, and carry 1 to the next, and say, 1 I carry, and 8 is 9, and

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and 2 is 11, and 3 is 14 ; then make another Point at 3, and carry, and say, 2 and 6 is 8 ; which 8 set down at the Bottom under the said Figures, and say, 2 I carry from the Pence, and 4 is 6, and 7 is 13, and 9 is 22 ; put a Point at 2, and carry, and say, 2 and 3 is 5, and 2 is 7, and 1 is 8 ; which 8 put under this Row ; then go to the next Row, and say 1 Pound I carry, and 2 is 3, and 3 is 6, and 1 is 7, which put underneath, and then the Sum appears thus :

l.	s.	d.
0	1	6
0	2	3
1	3	2
0	9	8
3	7	11
2	4	2
7	8	8

And so 'tis in the laying out of Money, of which there needs no more Examples. But I shall only give an Account of *English* Money, Weights, and Measures, in some plain and easie Tables ; and Money being a principal Thing, first of that.

Of Coin.

1 Farthing 2 Farthings 4 Farthings 4 Pence 12 Pence 2 Shillings six Pence 5 Shillings 6 Shillings eight Pence 3 Nobles 15 Shillings four Pence 20 Shillings } } } } } } } } } } make	1 Farthing 1 Half-penny 1 Penny 1 Groat 1 Shilling 1 Half Crown 1 Crown 1 Noble 1 Twenty Shillings 1 Mark 1 Pound
--	---

of

Of Troy Weight.

The least Weight us'd in *England*, is a Grain of Wheat gathered out of the Middle of the Ear, and well dry'd.

24 Grains	} make {	1 Penny-weight
20 Penny-weight		1 Ounce
12 Ounces		1 Pound Troy-weight

With these Weights are weigh'd Bread, Gold Silver, and Electuaries.

Avoir-du-pois-Weight.

4 Quarters of a Dram	} make {	1 Dram
16 Drams		1 Ounce
16 Ounces		1 Pound
28 Pounds		1 Quarter of a hundred
4 Quarters		1 hundred Weight, or,
		112 Pounds
20 hundred		1 Tun

By this Weight is weigh'd all Grocery Wares, Butter, Cheese, Flesh, Wax, Lead, Pitch, Rosin, Tallow, Hemp, Iron, Copper, Tin, and other such Things.

Apothecary's Weight.

The Weights used by Apothecaries, are Grains, Scruples, Drams, and Ounces, of which

30 Grains	} make {	1 Scruple	} Thus mark'd {	℥
3 Scruples		1 Dram		ʒ
8 Drams		1 Ounce		℥
12 Ounces		1 Pound		℔

of

Of Measures.

And first of Liquid Measure, by which is sold Beer, Ale, and other Liquor, whereof the least common Measure is a Pint, which is Pound *Troy* Weight.

2 Pints	}	make	1 Quart
2 Quarts			1 Pottle
2 Pottles			1 Gallon
8 Gallons			1 Firkin of Ale or Soap
9 Gallons			1 Firkin of Beer
10 Gallons and an half			1 Firkin of Salmon, &c
2 Firkins			1 Kilderkin
2 Kilderkins			1 Tierce of Wine
42 Gallons			1 Hogshead
2 Hogsheads			1 Pipe or Butt
2 Pipes or Butts			1 Tun of Wine

Of Dry Measure.

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Coals, Sand, and other dry Goods are measured by Dry Measure, of which a Pint is usually the least.

2 Pints	}	make	1 Quart
2 Quarts			1 Pottle
2 Pottles			1 Gallon
2 Gallons			1 Peck
4 Pecks			1 Bush. Land-measure
5 Pecks			1 Bush. Water-measure
8 Bushels			1 Quarter
4 Quarters			1 Chaldron
5 Quarters			1 Wey

Of Long Measure.

Cloath, Tapestry, Board, Glass, Pavement, Land, are measured by long Measure, of which a Barley-corn is the least.

3 Barley-corns	}	make	1 Inch
12 Inches			1 Foot
3 Foot			1 Yard
3 Foot 9 Inches			1 Ell
6 Foot			1 Fathom
5 Yards and an half, or			1 Pole or Perce
16 Foot and an oalt			1 Furlong, or Acre in
40 Poles or Perches			length
8 Furlongs			1 <i>English</i> Mile
40 Square Poles or			1 Rod, or a Quarter of
Perches			an Acre
4 Rods			1 Acre

Of Time.

Time consists of Years, Months, Weeks, Days, Hours, and Minutes, which last is the least Part of Time, and therefore,

60 Minutes	}	make	1 Hour
24 Hours			1 Day
7 Days			1 Week
4 Weeks			1 Month of 28 Days
13 Months, 1 Day 6 H.			1 Year

The Year is commonly divided into twelve unequal *Kalendar* Months, whose Names, and the Number of Days they contain, as follow.

January

	Days.		Days.
January	31	July	31
February	28	August	31
March	31	September	30
April	30	October	31
May	31	November	30
June	30	December	31

Which are briefly summed up in these four Verses.

*Thirty Days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February hath twenty eight alone ;
And all the rest, thirty and one.*

So that the Year contains 365 Days and six Hours ; but the six Hours are not reckoned, but only every fourth Year, and then a Day is added to February, which then contains 29 Days, and that Year is called Leap-Year, and contains 366 Days.

The four Quarter-days in the Year, are, *March 25*, called *Lady-day*; *June 24*, called *Midsummer-day*; *September 29*, called *Michaelmas-day*; *December 25*, called *Chistmas-day*.

The Country Men do also sometimes divide the Year into four other Quarters ; that is, *February 2*, called *Candlemas-day*; *May 1*, called *May-day*; *August 1*, called *Lammas*; *November 1*, called *All Saints-day*.

The Character of the seven Planets.

Astronomers and Astrologers express the seven Planets and Signs, by the following Marks or Characters.

The seven Names are these :

♄ Saturn, ♃ Jupiter, ♂ Mars, ☉ Sol, ♀ Venus,
☿ Mercurius, ☾ Luna.

The

and the signs impoſed : or,

The twelve Signs are theſe :

♈ Aries, ♉ Taurus, ♊ Gemini, ♋ Cancer, ♌ Leo, ♍ Virgo, ♎ Libra, ♏ Scorpio, ♐ Sagittarius, ♑ Capricornus, ♒ Aquarius, ♓ Piſces.

The Sextile ✱, Quartile □, Trine △, Opposition ♂, Conjunction ♀.

In our *English* Writing there are many Abbreviations that we make Uſe of, which we borrow from the *Latin*, as *e. gr.* (*exemplia gratia*) for Example; and over our Accompts we write,

l. s. d. q.
2 4 6 2

Which is as much as (*libbi ſolidi denarii quadrantes,*) Pounds, Shillings, Pence, Farthings; ſo that the Sum is two Pounds, four Shillings, fix Pence two Farthings, or Half-penny; ſo alſo we write, (*videlicet*) to wit, or, that is to ſay : P. *Pagina* a Page; § (*Seſſio*) Section; v. (*vide*) ſee; i. e. (*ideſt*) that is; ſc. (*ſcilicet*, that is to ſay; M. S. Manuscript, or a written Book or Copy : R. S. S. (*Regis Societatis Socius*) Fellow of the Royal Society : N. B. (*nota bene*) note well, or mark well; M. A. (*Magiſter Artium*) Maſter of Arts; B. D. (*Baccalarius Divinitatis*) Batchelor of Divinity; L. D. (*Legis Doſtor*) Doſtor of the Civil Law; D. D. or S. S. Th. (*Sacraſancta Theologiæ Doſtor*) Doſtor of Divinity; Qu. (*Queſto*) Queſtion; Ob. (*Objeſtio*) Objeſtion; Sol. (*Solutio*) Solution or Answer.

There are alſo other Contraction of *English Words*, which we often meet with; as, Admrs. Adminiſtrators, agr. againſt, Bp. Biſhop, Comrs. Commiſſioners, Dr. Doſtor. Eſq; Eſquire, Hbl. Honourable, Hd. Honoured, Ld. Lord, Lys. Lordſhips, Lr. Letter, Md. Memorandum, Mr. Maſter, Mrs. Miſtreſs, Maj. Maſteſty, Pd. paid, qr. quarter, Sr. Sir, St. Saint, yn. then, yr. that,

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at, yet the, wñ when, Wp Worship, will worshipful,
your, 7ber September 8ber October, 9ber November,
ber December. Jan. January, Feb. February, Apr.
April, A-g. August. Q. Question, A. Answer, R. Rea-
son, U Uf- Doct Dctrine, Xtian. Christian, &
nd, &c. and so forth, Col. Colonel. Capt. Captain,
Lieut. Lieutenant. We also oftentimes contract two
Words into one, as I'll for I will, I'm for I am, t'other
for the other, let's for let us, and many other.

We also contract the Names of Places; as Cant.
Canterbury, Oxen Oxford, Exon Exeter, Bucks Bucking,
hamshire, Salop Shropshire, C. C. C. Corpus Christi Coll ge,
Q. C. Queen's College, D. C. Dean of Christ-Church:
Also in the Names of Books; as, Mat. Matthew,
Cor. Corinthians, Col. Colossians, Rom. Romans, Rev. Re-
velations, Gen. Genesis, Chron. Chronicles, Eccles. Eccle-
astes, Eccles. Ecclesiasticus.

The Names of Men and Women we do also con-
tract into one or two Syllables, at the most, very
many of our common Christian Names, as

Alexander, Saxy
Abraham, Abram.
Anthony, Tony.
Augustine, Austin.
Anne, Nan or Nanny.
Nicholomew, Bai.
Benjamin, Ben.
Clement, Clem.
Christopher, Kis.
Catherine, Kate.
Daniel, Dan.
Samuel, Doll.
Deborah, Deb.
Margaret, Nell.
Edward, Ned.
Elizabeth, Betty.

Edmund, Mun,
Francis, Frank.
Gregory, Greg.
Henry, Harry or Hal.
Humphry, Numph.
Joseph, Jo.
Joshua, Jos.
Jane, Jenny.
James, Jemmy.
Joan, Jug.
Leonard, Len.
Martha, Pat.
Matthew, Mat.
Mary, Moll.
Margaret, Peg.
Margery, Madg.

E

Nicholas

Nicholas, Nich.

Nathaniel, Nat.

Oliver, Nell.

Priscilla, Pris.

Philip, Phil.

Robert, Robin.

Richard, Dick.

Roger, Hodge.

Samuel, Sam.

Simon, Sim.

Susanna, Sue.

Thomas, Tom.

The philar, The.

Timothy, Tim.

Valentine, Voi.

Walter, Wat.

William, Will.

Zachary, Zach.

Tittle-Tattle:

OF THE

GOSSIPS FEAST.

*Being a pleasant DIALOGUE between Six
Merry Gossips.*

WHen London Gossips they do meet
In Council, to prepare a Treat,
Against a Woman's Sitting-up,
There must not only be a Cup
Of humming Tipple, but beside
They are in Care what to provide,
One saith, perhaps, good Veal and Bacon,
The next, in Scorn, cries, You're mistaken,
Faith, that will not my Palate fit;
Abroad I love a dainty Bit;
Geese, Capons, or a good fat Pig;
In short, I do not care a Fig
For Butcher's Meat. No, saith the next,
Let you and I stand to the Text,
We'll manage all Things for the best,
And have what's good, and as well dress'd.

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So thus they hold a long Debate,
Before they can their Matters state;
Yet, in the End they do conclude
Upon some nice and dainty Food,
Serv'd up with Sauce and humming Tipple,
Would make a Captain of a Cripple.
And so we find, that Woman kind
In Cops are taught to speak their Mind.
First what they hate and do admire
Whether Sweet-meats, or rich Attire,
It must be had, no long delay'd,
Commanding Wives must be obey'd,
Or they will strange Distractions breed
Now to our Gossips we'll proceed,

1 Goss.) Why Gossip, Gossip, whither now so fast?
Could I believe you ever would have past
Thus by my Door, and not have called in;
I know full well, Gossip, the time has been
That I was worthy of your Company,
Though now you can so scornfully pass by.

2 Goss.) Pardon me, Gossip, do not take distaste;
For in a Word I was so much in haste,
That I ne'er thought upon you in the least.

1 Goss.) Pay what's in Hand? (2 Goss.) A splendid
nobler Feast.

Will be prepared by a true Friend of mine,
With whom I at a Tavern am to Dine;
There will be dainty Fare, and curious Wine.
You know the Man, (2 Goss.) who is he? What's his
Name?

1 Goss.) 'Tis Squire Lowewell, that good Man of Fame,
I am sure you know him (1 Goss.) That I do in Truth,
He had a kindness for me in my Youth.

When I was married first, he us'd to be,
In all Respects a faithful Friend to me.

My eldest Son doth his true Picture bear,
His Eyes, his Nose, the Colour of his Hair,

2 **Willst and Mirth improb'd : Or,**
 The Dimples in his Chin, and lively Looks ;
 But I have seen some Years out of his Books.
 2 *Gos.*] Inform me Gossip, how it came about,
 That he shou'd with his darling Love fall out.
 1 *Gos.*] H's courteous, noble, kind, and active too,
 He's no in Fault my Husband jealous grew,
 Because he saw him kiss me on the Bed.
 And stroke my Checks; this much Distraction bred
 He cur'd, he swore, and did with fury brawl.
 1 *Gos.*] Fie for Shame ! base M. t. Fault was small,
 2 *Gos.*] He thinks he is a Cuckold that is all.
 You know he's froward, peevish, and the like.
 Now 'Squire *Lowewell* griev'd to see him strike,
 Did ever since my Company restrain.
 2 *Gos.*] Well thou shalt go with me, he'll entertain
 Us both, for he's a jolly Woman's Man,
 And I will do you a'l the good I can
 To bring you into Favour now once more.
 Hush Gossip, hush ! my Husband's at the Door ;
 I wou'd not have him hear what you do say,
 For all the Kisses I shall have to Day,
 But here he is. [2 *Gos.*] How d'ye Neighbour *Num* ?
 In Troth, it was my lucky chance to come
 Along this Way, and as I vow and swear,
 Indeed, indeed, I cou'd no more forbear
 The calling in to see your Wife, than I
 Cou'd eat or drink when hungry or a dry.
 Here's little Billy grows a curious Boy,
 And needs must be his Father's darling Joy.
Num] But Neighbour, who is that ? A wiser Head
 Than yours or mine, knows not ; but I have said.
 2 *Gos.*] You're waggish still ; I fear you han't forgot
 Your former Jokes, but I will tell you what,
 I'd have you let your Wife walk forth with me.
Num.] Waik forth with you ? Hum ! let me, see :
 In Troth I had a scurvy Dream last Night,
 Methought I had two Horns stood both upright

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Over my Brows, and two behind my Head,
 And they are things that I abhor and dread.
 Goss.] Tush let her go good Neighbour ne'ertheless.
 Who dreams that this or that they do possess,
 It is a certain Sign they never shall
 The same enjoy; so let those Fancies fall.
 And tell me, tell me Neighbour, shall we go?
 Our precious Minutes slide away you know.
 Hum.] I give her leave; but Neighbours, pray beware
 Of Cuckold-makers; let them not ensnare,
 My Wife. [2 Goss.] No, no Neighbour, I'll give my
 She shall return as chaste as she goes forth. (Oath.
 Hum.] Enough, enough, dear Neighbour, say no more,
 Wife.] Dear Love I thank thee; farewell, shut the Door
 And there keep House 'till we return again,
 Gossip, we shall be in a merry Vein,
 Before we part, how far have we to go?
 Goss.] To the Horn-Tavern which is just below.
 Goss.] Bless my Stars that sent you unto me,
 This Day, for to procure some Liberty.
 For one that is a close confined Wife;
 He makes me almost weary of my Life.
 Goss.] Dear Gossip, cease that talk, and say no more,
 See there's the Horns, and here's the Tavern Door.
 Hark Drawer, pray is 'Squire Lovewell here?
 Draw.] No, Madam, would he was; he's sick: We
 That he will never go abroad again, (fear.
 Goss.] Bless me! how long amiss? (Dr.) Last Night a
 Took him a cross the Heart, and now he lies (Pain
 panting for Life, with Groans and weeping Eyes.
 Goss.] I am sorry for him, Friend with all my heart;
 We know full well the dearest Friends must part.
 What shall we say? All must submit to Fate;
 This is a Disappointment, Gossip Kate:
 But ne'ertheless, since we are both come out,
 We'll not return without a merry Bout!
 A sudden thought is just come in my Head,
 'Tis full three Weeks since Joan was brought to Bed:

I think it is high time that we had been
To visit her ; le 's go a Gossiping.

1 Gof.] Gossip, in Troth, I like the Motion well,
We'll summon Bridget, Nancy, Sue and Nell;
The more the merrier, we'll go together,
And make our Hearts as light as Cork or Feather.

2 Gof.] Step on before, stay with my Gossip Sue,
And I'll go call the rest and follow you.

1 Gof.] Bless my Stars! it is a lucky hit,
In Troth, it does my pleasant Fancy fit;
To eat, drink, laugh, be merry, fits my Trooth,
I lov'd it all along down from my Youth;
But here she comes. Gossip, you have been quick.

2 Gof.] 'Tis true, I came just in the very nick
Of Time, when they were dress'd and coming forth
My Gossip Nancy, nay, and Bridget both,
They have been sending home to see for us.

1 Gof.] Bless me could any thing have happen'd thus
Sure not, if we had study'd seven Years.

2 Gof.] Nay, here's another sort of Joy appears;
It seems that they have bought the best of Meat,
As good as honest Women need to eat;
One Goose, two Capons, Chickens of the best,
A fine fat sucking Pig, all ready dress'd;
And though I say it, by as fine a Cock,
If you will credit me, as ever took

Sharp Knife in Hand; withal the best of Drink,
The which will make us speak what'er we think:
Six Quarts of Sick, and two of Rhenish Wine,
Of which we'll take a Glass before we dine;

'Twill cheer our Hearts, likewise our Stomachs well
The Cook is coming, Nurse, the Table set:
Be quick and nimble, lend the Cook a Hand
To ease the Dishes down. Let us not stand
On Ceremonies; bring us the Forks and Knives,
That we, like Gossips may enjoy our Lives.

3 Gof.] I hope, young Men, the Sauces are well made
So you may go, we have your Master paid.

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Now let us all in order take our Places,
 And I'll rehearse one of our Gossip-Graces.
 ' Good Viſuals do the beſt of Drink deſerve;
 ' We having both, now let us cut and carve.
 4 Gof.] I will not ſtand to make the leaſt Excuse;
 Lend me that Knife, and I'll cut up the Goofe.
 I am not right, let me turn Edge and Point:
 Who muſt I think upon to hit the Joint:
 My own good Man; I think there's none more fit.
 He's in my Thoughts, and now the Joint I hit.
 Now I have done it, make no more Delay,
 But let each Goffip pleaſe herſelf, I pray.
 It is a curious Goofe, and drefſ'd as well.
 I think you love a Wing, my Goffip Nell.
 I do indeed. Then take that on your Plate.
 Where are you Nurse? It is your Place to wait,
 With Diligence upon us while we dine;
 Be brisk and active, fill a Glaſs of Wine.
 'Tis very well; Here's Goffip Joan's good Health,
 And to her going ſafe abroad, that Wealth
 And Pleaſure may her laſſing Portion be,
 With all the Marks of Love's Felicity.
 5 Gof.] I'll pledge that loving Health with all my
 From any thing that's good I never ſtart. (Heart,
 'Tis charming Wine; ſtill paſs the Health about.
 Nurse] I'll fetch another Bottle, this is out
 6 Gof.] Nurse, fill my ſtanding Glaſs up to the top,
 I'll pledge the Health, and leave not one ſmall drop;
 I never love to ſtagnate or baulk my Glaſs:
 The Health's gone round: Now, Goffips, let us paſs
 From Drinking, to our Pig and other Food,
 E'er long we ſhall be in a merry Mood.
 4 Gof.] Nurse, warm a Plate I would make bold to ſend
 Some Pig to a poor Neighbour and a Friend.
 Who for this Month, or more, has been amiſſe.
 And ſhe perhaps may pick a Bit of this, [Wife.
 5 Gof.] Pray, who is it? [4 Gof.] E'en Doll, the Taylor's
 Poor Heart: with him ſhe leads a wretched Life:

96 **Wit and Mirth improv'd: Or,**
 He drinks abroad and has his dainty Bits,
 While she at home, poor Creature! starving sits:
 6 Gof.] Nurse, take with you a Cup of Sack likewise,
 To comfort her: Oh, how my Flesh do's rise.
 Against such Villains, that can be so base!
 3 Gof.] Why don't she serve him as did Gossip Grace
 Her Husband, who was cruel, cross and grim?
 She made no more to do, but Cuckold him;
 And while a Spark did cuddle, kiss and dandle,
 Her Husband was oblig'd to hold the Candle.
 6 Gof.] I: Troth, I think she serv'd him in his kind,
 For, why should any Woman be confin'd
 To any crabbed Knave? When I can prove
 Wives are not made for Slavery but for Love.
 5 Gof.] This very Story, Gossip, now has brought
 Another pleasant Fancy to my Thought;
 You know old Bungey had a youthful Wife,
 And they by chance, one Night did gender Strife;
 So thereupon he sets himself to Mear,
 And never ask'd his loving Wife to ear:
 His Guts he cramm'd, and after he had done,
 Sends a bare Bone to her by his little Son.
 To his poor Wife, saying, Go tell her, Dick,
 That I have sent her now that Bone to pick.
 Go tell, quoth she, thy Father now from me,
 Since marry'd, I have had young Children three,
 Of which he got but One; I tell no Lies,
 And that's a Bone for him to pick likewise.
 6 Gof.] She hit him home a full Box on the Ear:
 Now let us drink, and wain down our good Cheer;
 Then when my Thirst is quenched, Gossip, I'll tell
 You how I was bl'd by my Servant Nell.
 Late in the Night, a very loving Neighbour,
 Did send her to invite me to her Labour;
 I call'd my Servant up to let me out,
 In Troth, her Honesty I did not doubt;
 Yet nevertheless, when she had land'd the Door,
 And I was safe, this Baggage made no more,

To do, but straight goes to her Master's Bed,
And gave her a Crown for her Maiden Head :
It seems he pleas'd her well, for there she lay
From twelve o'Clock 'till almost Day.

Gos.] But Gossip, pray how came you to know
And understand that she had serv'd you so ?

6 Gos.] My Daughter who lay with her, did awake,
And missing her, the Girl no rest could take,
But musing lay, 'till four or five o'Clock ;
At length she heard her Father's Door unlock
From whence the Slut came naked in her Smock.

4 Gos.] The case is plain that you have been abus'd ;
Have you that Crime quite pardon'd and excus'd ?

6 Gos.] No, by my Troth I turn'd away my Maid.
And there is something more still to be said ;
I'll fit my Husband likewise to a Hair,
He shall have what he does deserve to wear :
As I'm an honest Woman, you another,
I have been often Courted by his Brother,
Yet loth was I to yield ; but now I think,
I may take Liberty. Come let us drink ;
Where stands the Sack ? [5. Gos.] I have it in my
Hand.

6 Gos.] Push it about, and do not let it stand
Paling about, but drink, the Bottle's dry ;
And when 'tis gone, we'll have a fresh Supply.

5 Gos.] I wish the good Man of the House was here,
To drink and taste some of our Gossip's Cheer.

Wife.] I think he's gone to treat with Justice Crab,
About a Weaver's Wife, an idle Drab,
Who did her Husband's Marriage-Bed abuse
With *Crispin*, for a pair of fine lac'd Shoes ;
And as they both were taken in the Fact,
Poor *Crispin*, he was to the Savoy pack'd,
And she to Bridewell, where she does remain,
My Husband's gone to get her out again ;
And that is all. [Gos.] Merhinks I smell a Rat :
Why thou'd your Man concern himself with that ?

90 ~~and and~~ ~~scilly~~ ~~improb~~: Or,

If he was not concern'd, he'd let her lie;

I fear he's had a Finger in that Pye.

2 Gof.] Don't judge so hard, he is an honest Man,
Willing to do the greatest Good he can.

More for her Husband's sake, than her's alone.

Don't mind her foolish Prattle, Gossip Joan.

Your Husband's Absence we'll not take amiss;

Come, let us have his little Son to kiss:

A pretty Babe! dear Gossips, did you ever see

In all your Days, a sweeter Child than he?

For smiling Looks, and curious White and Red,

A sweeter Child no Woman ever bred.

Here's Mother's Chin, and Daddy's Eyes and Nose,

And I am resolv'd to buy him the first Cloaths

3 Gof.] And I a Coral. [4 Gof.] I a Silver Spoon.

A thriving Look he has, he'll prattle soon.

Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, which is a pleasing Sound.

Come, Gossip Susan, let the Glass go round,

'Tis almost Night, our Husbands they will think

We shall disguise our selves by too much Drink;

But for my Part alone, I fear not mine,

I will drink what I please, Beer, Ale or Wine:

And if at me his frowning Dare he flings,

I'll give him soon as good as e'er he brings.

1 Gof.] If you can rule your Husband, I cannot,

Mine is a crabbed, jealous pated Sot,

A Man can never kiss or look on me;

But strait he's seized with a Jealousie;

His Gail he frets, and bites his very Thumb,

And thinks of nothing else but Cockoldom.

A Plague, I think it is, there's Nothing worse.

Come, let us gather something for the Nurse;

Here's half a Crown, and there are Shillings five;

Here's 2, here's 3, here's four, Nurse, now ye thrive,

Much good may't do ye; Gossip Joan, Good-night;

I thank ye. Neighbour, Nurse, take Care, and light

Them down the Stairs: Farewell, with all my Heart:

And as they met in Love, so now they part.

POESIES for Rings, — or other Things.

THis was not sent
 Let us share
 In my Breast
 The Love is true
 Despise not me,
 Of all the rest,
 The Love I owe
 O that I might
 What I call mine,
 I surely die
 I do love none,
 I'll rather die,
 Love is here
 As I affect Thee,
 No Turtle-Dove
 My Love by this
 Heart and Hand
 The Sight of thee
 In Contancy
 I am yours,

In Compliment.
 In Joy and Care.
 My Heart does rest
 That I do
 For I love thee.
 I love thee best.
 I fain would show
 Have thee my Right.
 Shall all be thine.
 If you deny.
 But thee alone.
 Than not comply.
 Both plain and clear.
 So respect me.
 Hath firmer Love.
 Presented is.
 At your Command.
 Is Life to me.
 I'll live and die.
 While Life endures.

God hath chose a Mate for me,
 I'll honour him in loving thee.
 Thee did I find, Thee did I choose:
 Thee do I find, but Death must loose.
 As I expect, so let me find,
 A faithful Heart and constant Mind.
 God hath kept my Heart for thee,
 Grant that our Love may faithful be.
 Such Pleasure in my Choice I find,
 That I might but Death shall change my Mind.
 Wit, Wealth and Beauty all do wed;
 But cannot match with thee excel.
 Thy Eyes are Heaven's proof th,
 And hand binds, but Death looseth.

Mirth

Mirth and Musick

OR, A COLLECTION

Of the Newest and Choicest

SONGS

SUNG AT

Either *Play-House* or *Court* :

Containing *Love Songs, Merry Catches, and*
Jovial Healths.

The Curtain Lecture. To a New Tune.

- He. **O**F all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I pay'd the Sot and marry'd ;
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't.
Those that are in't, would fain get out on't.
- She. Fie, my Dear, pray come to Bed,
This Napkin take, and bind your Head :
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.
- He. 'Ouns, 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down ;
For as soon as the Cock crows, I'll be gone.
- She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me ;
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone ?
- He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Minute must ride a Courting.

Sport

A New Academy of Complements. for

Sport that far excells a Madam,
Or all Wives that have been since Adam.

She. I, when thus I have lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow, wanting you:
And whilst you're Topping all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, take your Slops 'till you die,
You'd's Brandy will keep me a Month from home

She. If it us parted, I am broken-hearted:
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. E'er I'll be from Rambling hind' red,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred:
'To be sober I've no Leisure;
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

She. To my Grief then I must see
Strong Ale and Nantz my Rivals be;
When you're Topping with your Blades,
Poor I sit Sticking with my Maids.

He. 'Oons, you may go to your Gossips you know;
And there if you can meet a Friend, pray do.

She. Go you Jocker, go Provoker;
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

He. If I mayn't in Town debauch it,
Then to Tunbridge I will Coach it,
And there I live woundy merry,
Drinking of both Red and Sherry.

She. Ay, for Water I dare swear,
That you never will drink there;
But your Wife, at home with scorn,
May drink Water Night and Morn.

He. Pox of the Trade, if that you are so mad,
You may drink on your Water 'till you're dead.

She. I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,
Can I, can I lie alone, d'ye think in Bed?

He. Can't you lie alone to ease you?
Then take who you will to please you;
I abroad must still be padding,
Tho' it lets my Wife a madding.

She.

She. Well, I find you will me teaze,
And take your Pleasure and your Ease;
Since it is ſo, then I will do
Something daily to vex you.

He. Will you do ſo? Then together let us go
Leſt a Cuckold at length I ſhould grow.

She. Since you ſtave it-- you deſerve it;
But I, but I am an honeſt wife, you know.

An Answer to the Certain Lecture.

WHY ſhould Marriage be deſpis'd,
Since we know 'twas ever pris'd.
None but Foo's did ever flight it,
But the Wife did always like it.
In Paradife, when *Adam* he,
Chief of the ſame was plac'd to be,
E'er he awoke out of his Sleep,
Prepar'd for him was a Help-meet.
This ſhews that Women are ordain'd for Men,
For to be Comforts unto them;
They are delighting and inviting;
Men are ſurely, ſurely made to love again.

Some young Men may be compar'd
To boundleſs Waves, by the wind carry'd;
By Hawks and Hounds there's many wounded,
And their Subſtance quite confounded.
Drunkenneſs is a ſad Thing,
And Whoring ſtrange Diſeaſes bring;
What Pleasure then, pray can there be
To bring our ſelves to Miſery?
Of Days thus ſpent, we ought to relent,
And take of Viſitation gives Heart-content:
She'll you in riſh, love and cheeriſh;
In ſuch a Wife you never, never can repent,

The Duke of Marlborough's Health.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,
 He conducts us into the Field
 As bold as *Alexander* :
 He'll die before he'll yield.
 Sound the Trumpets, sound, Boys ;
 Let each Man stand his Ground, Boys ;
 Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an Inch.
 And so let his Health go round, Boys.
 Sing mighty *Marlborough's* Story,
Mars of the Field, he passes the *Scheid* ;
 And to increase his Glory,
 The *French* do fly or yield.
Vendome drew out to spite him,
 Th' Household Troops to fright him.
 Princes o'th Blood got off as they cou'd,
 But ne'r durst return to fight him.
 This is the Year of Wonders,
 The Gens d'Arms, gor'd with Bullet and Sword,
 Quake when the Ge'eral Thunders ;
Almanac was the Word.
 Sound the Trumpets, sound, Boys,
 This to his Health be crown'd Boys,
 Circle his Brows with fresh Oaken Boughs,
 And thus let the Glass go round, Boys.
 And cou'd we top an Ocean,
 His due we hardly give :
 Still there's one more must be, Boys,
Hannover makes them up Three, Boys
 Three in a Hand ;
 I'll drink to my Friend,
 And so let us all agree, Boys.

The Virgin's Venture.

FROM grave Lessons and Restraint,
 I'm stol'd out to revel here;
 Yet I tremble and I pant,
 In the middle of the Fair;
 Oh! Oh! Oh! would Fortune in my Way,
 Throw a Lover kind and gay:
 Now's the Time, Now's the Time,
 Now's the Time he soon may move,
 A young Heart unu'd to Love;
 Shall I venture? No, no, no;
 Shall I from the Danger go:
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;
 I must not try, I cannot fly.
 Help me Nature, help me Art.
 Why should I deny my Heart?
 Help me Nature, help me Art,
 Why should I deny my Heart?
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the Wisest let me do;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false, I'll be so too.
 While I am endu'd with Sense,
 To distinguish what is best,
 Cupid's Darts of Violence
 Shall not penetrate my Breast;
 No, no, no, but yet methinks I feel
 What I cannot well conceal.
 Let me strive, let me strive,
 Let me strive the best I can,
 To abhor the Thought of Man.
 Shall I Love them? No, no, no;
 Shall I from their Kisses go?
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no.

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No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not take, I can't forsake,
 I must not, durst not, can't forsake,
 Help me, *Cupid*, grant me Love;
 Then by all the Powers above;
 If young *Stephen* will pursue,
 Like the Wisest let me do;
 I will fit him, if he's true;
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

The Young Maiden in Haste to be Married.

THere are three Days to my Wedding-day,
 And that is too long for a Maiden to stay;
 Then come away Lover, then come away Lover,
 Then come away Lover, and make no Delay.
 You have been these six Weeks a Courting of me,
 And yet the bless'd Wedding-day I cannot see;
 tarry no longer, tarry no longer.
 Tarry no longer, my Dearest from me.
 You say, that next *Thursday* our Wedding shall be;
 But why not on *Monday*, my dearest *Jemmy*?
 Delays very of en, &c.
 Delays very often breed Dangers we see.
 Then *Jemmy* to *Sarah* did make this Reply.
 Delays do breed Dangers I cannot deny;
 but why art so hasty, &c.
 But why art so hasty, my *Sarah*, O why!
 Because, many Times, my dear *Jemmy* I know
 Men promise, and oftentimes from their Words go:
 therefore let's on *Monday*, &c.
 Therefore let's on *Monday* be marry'd. I tro.
 And then we will dance, and we'll merrily sing,
 In all sorts of Mirth we will have our fill Swing;
 Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, &c.
 Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, my Lord and my King.
 If we, my Dear, in haste to Church go,
 At Leisure we may then repent it, you know:
 Then

106 Wit and Mirth improv'd: Or,

Then be not so hasty, &c.

Then be not so hasty our selves to undo,

I prethee now, *Jemmy*, do not with me jest,

I long to be wedded, I vow and protest;

To marry on *Monday*. &c.

To marry on *Monday* I hold it is best.

O tell me not so, then young *Jemmy* he said,

What! are you weary of being a Maid?

Besides, my new Cloathing, &c.

Besides, my new Cloathing are not all yet made:

Then you will not fail me on *Thursday*, my Dear,

My Heart it doth beat both with trembling and fear;

Oh, were I but marry'd, &c.

Oh, were I but marry'd, I then should not care.

On *Thursday*, my Dea est, thou shalt be my Bride,

And then for sweet Kisses, and something beside:

What thou dost desire, &c.

What thou dost desire, shall not be deny'd.

I thank thee, dear *Jemmy*; but since thou wilt go,

What 'tis to be marry'd I long for to know;

I wish the Day come once, &c.

I wish the Day come once, that I might do so.

My Heart in my Belly doth now jump for Joy,

To think how my *Jemmy* and I shall then toy;

I'll warrant thee, *Sarah* &c.

I'll warrant thee, *Sarah*, I'll get thee a Boy.

The Lover's Petition.

Celia, my Heart has often rang'd,
like Bees on gaudy Flowers;

And many thousand Lovers has chang'd,

'till 'twas fix'd, 'till 'twas fix'd in yours.

But, *Celia*, when I saw those Eyes,

'twas soon, 'twas soon I was bound there;

Stars might as well forsake the Skies,

or vanish into Air.

A New Academy of Complements. 107

Now if from these great Rules I err,
new Beauties, new Beauties to adore,
May I again, and again turn Wanderer;
and never, never, never, never settle more.
When I beheld thy charming Grace,
my Heart was all on Fire;
And my Affections soon took place,
and never could, and never could retire;
But like a fixed Rock remain,
so long, so long as Life shall last;
Then do not kill me with Disdain.
nor all my Glory blast;
But send one sweet and pleasant smile,
to keep me, to keep me from Despair;
For in your Love, for in your Love I flourish, while
you give me, give me, you give me Hopes, sweet
charming Fair,
I'd rather die than live in Grief,
for then my Pains are ended,
'Tis you alone can yield Relief,
let Blessings be, let Blessings be extended,
To save me from a ruin'd State,
which now, which now I dread and fear:
One word of Comfort now relate,
my Joy, my Love, my Dear.
Then *Cæsar* with his golden Store,
could never, could never me outvie;
Grant me thy Love, thy Love, I ask no more;
then *Celia*, *Celia*, then *Celia* make a kind Reply.

The Huntsman's Song.

TAn twivee, twivee, twivee, twivee, high and low,
Hark, hark how the merry, merry Horn doth
Over the Bogs we'll follow Dogs, [blow.
for Puffs is gone over the Plain.
Then over the Lands and Meadows we'll rowl,

And

103 Wit and Witty improb'd : Or,

And heark for a Hollow from ev'ry kind Soul ;
And at the next Country Cottage turn off a brown Bowl,
no Pleasure like Hunting to cherish the Soul.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow ye all ye Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now while the Scent lies ;
The fiery Face God is ready to rise,

which doth all the World controul,
There's Ringwood and Rockwood, there's Jowler
and Spring. (sing.)

There's Thunder with Wonder, make all the Woods
With Horsemen and Footmen, hey, ding a ding ;
no Pleasure like Hunting to cherish a King.

Now over, over, over, over, Hedge and Style,
Through Bushes and Briers she runs her Foil,
While Rockwood and Ringwood pursue her the while,
like Lightning through the Air :

Over Hills and high Mountains away she goes,
The Huntsman the merry, merry Horn he blows
And when we have done, we carouse at the Rose,
in Claret we drown our Care.

Now never, never, never was there sweeter Sport,
In Country, in City, in Town or Court,
For Pleasure, according as Fame doth Report,
like hunting the nimble Hare.

Then see how the Beagles do swiftly run,
As if they kept Pace with the moving Sun,
The Sport being ended, the Day being done,
to Bacchus they do repair.

Now follow, follow, follow, follow, Boys,
To fill all the Forest and Groves with Noise ;
And as we arrive to the height of our Joys,
with Pleasure our Sport is crown'd :

Then rouse and away, 'tis break of Day,
Ten Pounds upon Rockwood I'll fairly lay ;
He'll follow the Scent, and he'll give fair Play,
until he has run her down.

The witty, witty, witty, witty Beaus,
They hunt after Mutton drest up in long Cloaths ;
But

A New Academy of Complements. 109

But we are for hunting the Bucks and the Does,
o'er every Park and Plain.

No Pleasure more noble I do declare,

No Pleasure can with it compare;

For when we have done with the Deer and Hare,
we hunt the Fox down the Red Lane.

The Lover's Question to Cupid.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it Torment?
If a bitter, On tell me! whence comes my Content?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and drickles my Heart.
I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by paffionate Silence I make my Love known;
But Oh! how blis'ful when she kind the do' prove,
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;
When in striving to hide it she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither can name.
How pleasant is Beauty? how sweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces? how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing so easy as coming to Love,
It's taught us on Earth, and by all Things above;
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

The Yeilding Maid.

O Fie! what mean I foolish Maid,
In this remote and silent Shade,
to meet with you alone?

My Heart does with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine.

O! oh! oh! I shall, I shall, I shall be undone!

O! oh! oh! I shall be undone!

110 **Wit and Wirth impeded: Or,**

**A Savage Beast I would not fear;
Or should I meet with Villains here,**

**I to some Cave would run:
But such enchaining Art you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go:**

Oh I shall be undone, &c

**Ah! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more:
What must we yet fool on?**

**Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fail,
Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
and now I'm quite undone!**

A New MEDLEY.

State and Ambition, all Joy to great Cæsar,
Sawny shall ne'er be my Colly my Cow.

**Al! Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
and call upon Dobbin with a Hi, je, ho.**

**Remember, ye Whigs what was formerly done,
and Jenny come tie my bonny Cravat:**

**If I live to grow old, for I find I g. down,
for I cannot come every Day to Woode.**

**Jove in his Throne was a Fumler Tom Parting,
and Jockey and Jenny together did tie;**

**O Mother Roger, Boys! fill us a Bumper;
for why will you die, my poor Cæsar! why!**

**Hark how the thundering Cannons do roar;
Ladies of London both wealthy and fair:**

**Charon, make haste and ferry me o'er,
Lilly barlero, bullen a lah.**

**Cloris awake; Four-pence-half-penny-farthing;
give me the Lass that is true Country bred;**

**Like John of Gaunt I walk in Covent-Garden,
I am a Maid and a very good Maid.**

**Twa bonny Lads were Sawny and Jockey,
the Delights of the Bottle and Charms of good Wine.**

Wading

A New Academy of Compliments. 111

Wading the Water so deep, my sweet *Moggy*,
 cold and raw let it run in the right Line,
 Old *Obadiab* sings *Ave-Maria*,
 sing Lulla-by-baby, with a Dildo;
 The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 now this is my Love, d'ye like her ho?
 Old *Chiron* thus preach'd to his Pupil *Achilles*,
 and under this Stone lies *Gabriel John*;
 Happy was I at the sight of fair *Phillis*,
 what should a young Woman do with an old Man?
 There's old Father *Peters*, with his Komish Creatures;
 there was an old Woman fild Pudding and Pies.
 Cannons with Thunder, she lild them with wonder;
 I once lov'd a Lase that lild bright rowling Eyes.
 There my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
 I took to my Hoes, and away I did run,
 And bids him prepare to be happy to No row,
 alas! I don't know the rich End of a Gun.
 My Life and Death do lie both in your Power,
 and e'ery Man to her Maid, *Shrew-bury* for me;
 On a Bark of a Bark, as I fild fishing;
 she'll lild a Maid now, and ne'er marry'd be?
 Uds Bob, let *Oliver* be who forgotten,
Joan is as good as a Lady, in the dark:
 Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the World over,
 and he's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark*.

A Song on Women, Wine, and Musick.

How lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
 When the Spirits are strong and Fancy not cloy'd?
 We admire e'ery Part, though never so plain,
 Which thoroughly possess'd we quickly disdain.
 So drinking we love too, just at the same rate;
 For when we are at it, we foolishly prate,
 What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit:
 But next Morning's Pain's our Pleasures do quit.

But

112 Wit and Mirth Improb'd: Or,
 But Musick's a Pleasure that tires not soon,
 'Tis pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
 'Tis charming at Night to sing Catches in Parts,
 It d'verts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.
 But Musick alone without Women and Wine,
 Will govern but idly, though never to fide;
 Therefore, by Consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
 Wine and Musick for you, and the Women for me.

A Health to Bacchus.

Here's a Health to jolly Bacchus,
 He e's a Health to jolly Bacchus;
 Here's a Health to jolly Bacchus, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho,
 For he doth merrily make us,
 For he doth merrily make us
 For he doth merry make us, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho

** At this Star they all bow to each other and sit down*

† At this Dagger all the Company beskons the Drawer

* Come sit ye down together,
 Come sit ye down together,
 Come, sit ye down together. I—ho, I—ho, I—ho,
 And † bring me e Liqueur hither,
 And bring more Liqueur hither,
 And bring more Liqueur hither, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.

** At this Star, the first Man drinks his Glass, while all the others sing, and point at him*

† At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.

It goes into the * Canium,
 It goes into the Cranium,
 It goes into the Cranium, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho,
 And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
 And thou'rt a boon Companion,
 And thou'rt a boon Companion, I—ho, I—ho, I—ho.

** Then the second Man takes his Glass, all the Company singing, Her's a Health, &c, and so round.*

The Country 'Squire Tam'd.

SLaves to *London*, I'll deceive you,
 For the Country now I leave you;
 Who can drink, and not be mad,
 Wine so dear, and yet so bad?
 So much Noise, and Air so smoaky,
 That to stun ye, this to choke ye;
 Men so selfish, false and rude,
 Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.
 If we play, we're sure of losing;
 If we love, our Doom we're causing;
 At the Play-House tedious Sport,
 Cant i'th' City, cringe at Court.
 Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
 Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies,
 Knaves and Coxcombs e'ery where:
 Who tha's Wife would tarry here?
 Quiet, harmless Country Pleasure,
 Shall at home divert my Leisure.
 Farewel *London*, I'll repair
 To my native Country Air;
 And leave all my Plagues behind me.
 But at home my Wife will find me!
 Oh, ye Gods! 'tis ten Times worse,
London is the milder Curse.

A New Health.



Here's a Health to the King,
 King *George* I do mean,
 the great Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince *Eugene*;
 With your Lips to the Glass,
 And your Knees to the Ground,
 merry, merry, merrily the Health goes round.
N. B. Here each Man drinks his Glass, and so the
 next takes it, and singing again.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long Whitso - Holliday, Holliday, Holliday,
 'twas a jolly Day,
 Young Ralph, buxom Phylida, Phyllicay, well-a-day,
 met in the Pease:
 They long had Community; he lov'd her, she lov'd
 him; joyfut Unity:
 Nought but Opportunity scanting was waning their
 Bosoms to raise:
 But now Fortune's Cruelty, Cruelly, you will see;
 for as they lie
 In close Hug, Sir Domini Gemini, Gemini, chanc'd
 to come by:
 He reads Pray'rs i' th' Family: No way now to frame
 a Lie!
 They scar'd at old Homily, Homily, Homily, both
 away fly.
 So soon as he saw the sight, full of Spite, as a Kite,
 runs the Rechabite,
 Like a holy Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Mis-
 chief to say,
 Save he would fair Phyllida, Phyllida, Phyllida, dress
 that Holliday;
 But poor Ralph ah, well-a-day! well-a-day! turn'd
 was away:
 Ads Nigs, cries Sir Domini Gemini, Gemini, shall
 Rogue slay,
 To baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly
 has been his way?
 No? — I rule the Family; they know nought
 blame me by:
 I read Prayers and Homily, Homily, Homily, three
 Times a Day.

The Jealous Lover's Deplorable Tragedy.

WHilst I gaze on Cloe trembling,
 straight her Eyes my Fate declares;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling,
 when she frowns, I then despair;
 Jealous of some Rival Lover,
 in a waning Look she give.
 Fain would I resolve to leave her:
 but can sooner cease to live.
 Why should I conceal my Passion,
 or the Torments I endure?
 I will disclose my Inclination,
 awful Distance yields no Cure,
 Sure it is not in her Nature,
 to be cruel to her Slave:
 She is too Divine a Creature,
 to destroy what she can save.
 Happy's he whose Inclination
 warms but with a gentle Heat,
 Never flies into a Passion;
 Love's a Torment if too great.
 When the Storm is once blown over,
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
 But a constant faithful Lover,
 seldom meets with true Repose.
 Jealous Fears are still presenting
 to the Faithful, black Despair,
 Causing Sighs and sad Lamenting,
 pleasant Slumber comes not there:
 Raptures of confused Orders,
 Glory, Ruin, Pleasure, Spleen,
 Beauty, Triumph, wilful Murders,
 these sad Aspects I have seen.
 While I unlamented languish,
 in the Chains of Love confin'd,

116 Wit and Mirth improv'd : Or,
Words cannot express the Anguish
of a wounded Heart and Mind.
Pity, pity the Condition
of a bleeding Captive-Slave ;
Cloe is the best Physician,
who can cure the Wound she gave.

Britain's Resolution against the French.

TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
your Ensigns now display :
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
let the Battle in Array ;
The Ordeal for War declares, for War declares,
Success depends, Success depends
upon our Hearts and Spears.
Furious, strike home,
revenge, revenge your Country's Wrongs ;
Fight, fight and record,
fight, fight and record
your selves in Druids Songs,
enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,
your Showers of Ball let fly ;
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
let us win the Day, or die :
The Honour of the Field we have, the Field we have,
with loud Hozza's, with loud Huzza's,
truss on you bold and brave,
the Honour of the Field.
Blows, maintain your Rights, your Rights,
by conquering Blows :
Down, down with the Pride,
Down, down with the Pride
of your late vanquish'd Foes.
Down, down with the Pride,
Down, down with the Pride
of your late vanquish'd Foes.
Let's rouse, let's rouse, let's rouse, let's rouse
the British Lyon bold ;

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See how, how, how, how, how, how,
his herolick Eyes are rould;
While Silver Trumpets sound a Charge,
Break through their Ranks, break through their Ranks
charge Front and Rear;
whilst Silver Trumpets sound,
Let them be drove
before, before your conquering Arms,
And cause them to dread,
And cause them to dread
Great-Britain's loud Alarms;
And cause them to dread,
And cause them to dread
Great-Britain's loud Alarms.

The Sporting Hay-maker:

IN the merry Month of June,
In the prime Time of the Year,
Down in yonder Meadow
there runs a River clear;
And many a little Fish
do in that River play;
And many a Lad, and many a Lass,
was abroad a making Hay.
In came the Scythe-Men
to mow the Meadow down,
With Budget and with Bottle
of Ale that is so brown:
All Labouring Men of Courage bold,
came there their Skill to try,
Let's whee, and blow, and stoutly mow,
for the Grass runs very dry.
There's Humble Tib and Tom,
with Pitchfork and with Rake,
There's Molly, Nell and Susan,
came there their Hay to make:
Sweet, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug sweet,
the Nightingale doth sing.

118 **Wit and Mirth improv'd: Or,**
 From the Morning until the Evening,
 as they were Hay-making.
 But when bright Phæbus
 the Sun was going down,
 A merry disposed Piper
 approaching from the Town,
 Pull'd out his Pipe and Tabor,
 disposing for to play,
 Which made them all lay down their Rakes,
 and to leave off making Hay,
 So joining in a Dance
 We jig it on the Green ;
 Though tired with our Labour,
 No Weariness is seen ;
 All tripping like to Fairies,
 our Dance we do pursue.
 With leading up and casting off,
 'till Morning is in View.
 Then each Lad he takes his Lass,
 the Morning being com',
 And lies down in their Hay-cocks
 till the rising of the Sun ;
 There sporting all the Time,
 while the harmless Birds do sing,
 Each Lad arise and take his Lass,
 and away to Hay-making.

The Bacchanalian.

COME, fill us a Bumper of Red, my brave Boys,
 Let us call for the Slaves from below ;
 Wine alone 'tis inspires the Mind with true Joys,
 since the Gods in their Heaven drink so.
 He that troubles his Brain with dull Cares is an Ass,
 having such brisk Liqueur before him :
 Let us bury the World in the Grave of the Glass,
 and for the brisk God, let's adore him.

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Let us laugh at the Wise, and their Morals despise,
the rich Juice 'tis affords us Delight;
Let us drink a good Health to our Mistress's Eye,
'till our own Eyes shall bid us good Night.

The Lover's Question.

WHY are my Eyes still flowing?
Why does my Heart thus trembling move,
Why do I sigh when going
to see the darling Saint I love?
Ah! she is my Heaven, and in her Eye,
the Deity:
There is no Life like what she can give,
Nor any Death like taking my leave.
Tell me no more of Glory,
to court Ambition I'll resign;
But tell a long, long Story
of Cælia's Shape, her Eyes, and Mein,
Speak too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy,
to enjoy:
Had I the Kingdom, Crown, Scepter and Ball:
For that dear Minute I'd part with 'em all.

Judith and Holofernes.

WHen Judith had laid Holofernes in Bed,
She pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head,
The Reason is plain he'd have made her his Whore,
So she cut off his Head as I told you before,
as I told you before.

A Catch on the London Watermen.

WILL you go by Water Sir,
I'm the next Sculler;
Go with my Fare up Westward, Sir,
my Boat shall be no fuller.

120 Wit and Wirth improv'd: Or,

Next Oars, next Oars;

whither is't you go?

To Fox-Hall or Westminster,

or Through-bridge, he?

Pray, Master, trim the Boat,

and sit a little higher;

You have a handsome Woman by you,

methinks you might sit nigher.

Beane, Boy, lay the Stretcher,

and sit down to your Oar:

You Sir, will you change

a Rogue for a Where?

You should, look before you!

with a Pox't'ye, hold Water!

Look! look! the Rogues most foul of us,

remember this hereafter!

Come, land us here at King'-bridge

A', Sir, if you are willing

Here, Waterman, there's six Pence.

Good Faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

In the Praise of a Rural Life.

Happy's the Swain whom bright Aurora
leadeth into the Field;

While the gay Banks, adorn'd by Flora,

fragrant Odours yield:

While his Flock are feeding by him,

on the tender Grass he lies:

No Discontent nor Cares come nigh him,

thus wrapt he is in silent Joys.

The Successful Lovers.

I Saw the Lass whom dear I lov'd,

long sighing and complaining;

When she thunn'd and disapprov'd,

another entertaining:

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Her Hands and Lips to him were free,
 no Favour she refus'd him;
 Judge how unkind she was to me,
 when she so kindly us'd him.
 His Hands her Milk-white Bubbies prest,
 a Kiss worth Kings desiring;
 His Head he lean'd upon her Breast,
 the snowy Mount admiring:
 'Till pleas'd to be the charming Fair,
 when at such Passion mov'd him,
 She clapp'd his Cheeks and curl'd his Hair,
 so well she did approve him.
 He kiss'd her till at length he got
 Admission to her Quarters,
 But what he did I tell ye not,
 for he pull'd off her Garters:
 The other Thing I will not speak,
 because I think 'tis Evil;
 Oh! pray, Sir, then she cry'd, and squeak'd,
 forbear, be not uncivil.

BACCHUS's Reputation.

O Generous *Bacchus*, when by thee we are fill'd,
 O generous *Bacchus*, &c.
 Such active brisk Vigour in our Souls is instill'd,
 As exalteth our Spirits, and makes 'em soar high,
 As if they partak'd of thy Divinity:
 For of notable Acts which Records do afford,
 Done by Men of the Gown and by those of the Sword,
 They all are perform'd by the Help of the Bottle,
 From great Alexander, to grave Aristotle,
 Had the Sultan butchang'd the *Danube* for the *Rhine*,
 And agreed with his Prophets for drinking of Wine,
 He need not have despair'd of all *Hungary* again,
 Tho' oppos'd by *Bavaria*, or conqu'ring *Lorrain*.
 For of notable Acts, &c.

Sweet William's Farewel to Black-ey'd Susan.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
the Steamers waving with the Wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came on Board.

Oh! where shall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet Willliam sails among the Crew,
William who high upon the Yard,
rock'd with the Billows too and fro,
Soon as her well known Voice he heard,
he sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below;
The Cards slide swiftly through his glowing Hands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands,
See the swift Lark high poiz'd in the Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(if chance his Mate's shrill Call he hear)
and drops at once into her Nest.

The Noblest Captain in the British Fleet,
Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.
O Susan, Susan, Lovely Dear, my Vows shall ever
(true remain.)

Let me kiss off that falling Tear,
we only part to meet again:

Change as ye list, ye Winds my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind,

They'll tell thee Sailors when away,
in e'ery Port a Mistress find,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present where'st e'er I go.

If to fair India's Coast we sail,

thy Eyes do seem like Diamonds bright,

Thy Breath is Africk's Spicy Gale,

thy Skin is Ivory so white;

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Thus ever beauteous Object that I view,
Wakes in my Soul some Charms of lovely Sue,
Though Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Though Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms,
William shall to his Dear return;
Love turns aside the Balls that round me flies,
Lest precious Tears should drop from Susan's Eyes.
The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails the swelling Bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard,
they kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head,
Her liss'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu, she sigh'd, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

The Right and True Answer.

W Here is my sweet William, where is my Dear,
tost on the Billows too and fro,
Sometimes as high as Mountain Tops,
When sinking down the Waves below:
Thus like my troubled Heart the Ship does move,
And like my wandering, and like my wandering
Fancy it does Rove.

Sometimes in silent Sleep I see,
The Ship with full spread Sails come in,
With Watermen to neat and trim,
Fit to convey me safe to him.
Come hale the Ship, ye Sailors tell to me,
Is my sweet William, is my sweet William,
Now alive may be.

The . I do see him swiftly fly,
For to receive me in his Arms,
Susan, says he, welcome on Board,
I do adore thy beauteous Charms.
A thousand Kisses on me he does bestow,
While the Ship softly, while the Ship softly,
Is vaying too and fro,

Millions.

124 Wit and Spirit improv'd, Or,

Millions of Raptures I enjoy,
Fair Hellen, with all her Beauty bright,
By Paris, could not be admir'd more
Than I, by William, my Heart's Delight;
But when I awake, like Rosamond fair, I see,
Love's but a Fable, Love's but a Fable,
All my Comforts flee.

How does my Heart then pining lie,
When I do find it's but a Dream,
William is on the Ocean wide,
Not by his Susan to be seen?
O Neptune! pray be kind unto my Dear,
And quick convey him, and quick convey him
Back, my Soul to cheer.

Boreas, instead of blustering Storms,
Breathe but a sweet and pleasant Gale,
That swiftly o'er the gulling streams
My dearest Love may safely sail.
Ye Mermaids with your Harmony so sweet,
Charm my sweet William, charm my sweet William,
To his silent Sleep.

And when they do to Harbour come,
Winds whisper gently in his Ear,
Like unto Lightning I would fly,
William, thy constant Heart to cheer.
The Boats so willingly row to the Ship Side,
Calling for William, calling for William,
To receive his Bride.

The FRIAR and the NUN.

A Lovely Lass to a Friar came,
to confess in the Morning early :
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
Now, tell to me sincerely :
I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
with a Man that loves me dearly.

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The greatest Fault of my self I know,
is what I now discover.
You for that Crime to Rome must go,
and Discipline must suffer :
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,
you must send with me my Lover.
O no, no, no, my Dear, you dream,
we must have no double Dealing ;
But if you'd repeat to me the same,
I'd pardon that past Failing.
I must own, Sir, but I blush for shame,
Your Penance is prevailing.
Then all her Faults to him straitway,
she fairly did discover :
See that no more you go astray,
this Time thou shalt not suffer,
Thou art pardon'd from this very day,
and I'll send you to your Lover.
He gave her then a parting Kiss,
and what she did require,
With something else which I shall miss,
'twas what he did admire :
No Offence, Sir, there can be in this,
since it is with an honest Friar.
O no, no, no, my Dear, said he,
it is no more than Duty ;
At any time I will be free
my Dear to come unto thee,
And at Mass, Love, I'll remember thee,
and think of thy charming Beauty.

Young COLLIN:

YOUNG Collin cleaving of a Beam,
At ev'ry thumping, thumping Blow, cry'd Hem!
And told his Wife, told his Wife, who the Cause
would know,
That Hem made the Wedge much sather go.

126 **Wit and Mirth improb'd: Or,**

Plump Joan, at Night, when to Bed they came,
And both were playing at the same,
Cry'd Hem, hem, prithee, prithee, Col in, do,
If ever thou lovest me, Dear, hem now!
He laughing, answer'd, No, no,
Some Work will split, will split with half a Blow;
Besides, now I bore, now, now I bore,
I hem when I cleave, but now I bore.

The Incens'd LOVERS.

IRis on the Bank of Thames,
With a sigh and weeping Eyes,
Said to lovely Calimache,
Let no Man your Heart surprize;
Men are all compos'd of Lies.
Tho' a thousand Times they swear,
and as many Vows repeat,
All they swear, is common Air,
All they promise but Deceit;
None were ever Constant yet.
Wisely then preserve your Heart,
From each Tyranny of Fate,
Which on y then can act its Part,
When Love has its return of Hate,
And then Repentance comes too late.

The Jealous LOVER.

FORgive me if your Looks I thought,
did once some Change discover;
For to be jealous is a Fault
of every tender Lover;
My Looks those kind Reproaches show,
which you bane so severely,
A sign, alas! you little know
what 'tis to love sincerely.

The

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The torments of a long despair
I did in silence smother,
But 'tis a pain I cannot bear,
to think you love another :
My Fate alone depends on you,
I am but what you made me:
Sure'y blest if you prove true;
undone, if you forsake me.

The Jovial T O P E R.

Happy is the Man that takes delight
in banquetting his Senses,
That drinks all Day, and then at Night
the height of Joy commences .
With Bottles arm'd we stand our Ground,
full Bumpers crown our Blissess ;
Then roar and sing the Streets around,
in serenading Misses.
By Blessings free and unconfin'd,
we prove without Reproaches,
There's no Bliss like a Frolick Mind;
or Pleasures like Debauches :
Whilst rambling thus, new Joys we reap,
in Charms of Love and Drinking ;
Insipid Fops lie drown'd in sleep,
and the Cuckold he lies thinking.

A Song at the Marriage of a Lady.

JOY to the Bridegroom, fill the Sky
With pleasing sounds of welcome Joy ;
Joy to the Bride, my lasting Bliss
And ev'ry Day shal prove like this.
Joy to th., &c.
None were Marriage Joys divine,
But where two constant Hearts combine ;

He

128 Wit and Mirth Improved: Or,
He that proves false himself does cheat,
Like sick Men taste, but cannot eat.

He that, &c.

What is a Maiden-head? ah what?
Of which we Fools so often prate?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast
Yet ne'er was found, but when 'twas lost

The Prodigal's Resolution.

I Am a lusty live Lad,
now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
both Gold and Silver plenty.
Now he's in's Grave, I will be brave,
the Ladies shall adore me;
I'll court and kiss, what Hurt's in this?
my Dad did so before me.
My Father was a thrifty Sir,
'till Soul and Body funder'd;
Some say he was an Usurer,
for Thirty in the Hundred:
He scrap'd and scratch'd, she pinch'd and patch'd;
that in her Body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good Reason why,
my Father was born before me;

The Miller's Delight.

HOW happy's the Mortal,
that lives by his Mill,
That depends on his own,
not on Fortune's Wheel;
By Slight of his Hand,
and the Strength of his Back,
How merrily, how merrily,
his Mill goes Clack, Clack, Clack,
How, &c.

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If his Wife proves a Scold,
as too often 'tis seen;
For she may be a bold,
sing God bless the Queen:
With his Hand to the Mill,
And his shoulder to the Sack,
He drowns all the Discord
in his Musical Clack, Clack, Clack,
He, &c.
O'er your Wives and their Daughters
he often prevails,
By sticking a Cog of a Foot
in their Tails;
Whilst the Hoyden so willingly
he lays on her Back,
And all the while he sticks it in
the Stones cry Clack, Clack, Clack,
And all the while, &c.

The Angler's Song.

OF all the Recreations which
attend on Human Nature,
There's none that's of so high a pitch,
or is of such a Stature,
As is the subtil Angler's Life,
in all Mens Approbation;
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix,
in every Corporation.
Whilst Eve and Adam liv'd in Love,
and had no Cause of Jangling:
The Devil did the Waters move,
the Serpent went to Angling;
He Bais his Host with God-like look,
thought he, This will intangle her:
By this all we may plainly see,
that the Devil was first an Angler.

The

The Virgin's Complaint.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield;
 How to keep, or how to gain
 When to love, and when to feign:
 Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E'er I can my Soul disguise.
 Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and rowl my Eyes,
 Say not 'till I learn the Way
 How to lie and to betray:
 He that loves me first, is blest,
 For I may deceive the rest:
 Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth,
 Brisk and of a *Jante* Mein,
 I should long, I should long, to be Fifteen.

The Lover's Death.

As gazing on Aminta's Eyes,
 young Celladon did lie,
 Strange Raptures did his Heart surprize,
 and fain the youth wou'd die:
 His Soul was eager to be gone,
 and with resistless Arms;
 And being loth to lie alone,
 caught Pyllis in his Arms.
 The Nymph who had long strove in vain
 for Death as well as he,
 Cry'd out, my Shepherd, stay a while,
 and I will die with thee
 With that, they both together dy'd,
 but with such little pain,
 They both reviv'd, and instantly
 prepar'd to die again.

A M A G G O T.

HOW long shall I be in this Mind? this Mind?
Is totally in your own Power, own Power;
I'd pass all my days with a kind, a kind.—
but I'd part with a proud— in an Hour, an Hour
So if you'll be good natur'd and civil, and civil,
you'll find I can be so too, so too;
But if not you may go the Devil, the Devil,
or the Devil may come to you, to you.

The Passionate L O V E R.

I Love thee more and more each day,
finest of Earthly Creatures,
In Temple I forget to pray,
by gazing on thy Features:
Thy Face do's my free Will controul.
In thee I've Preservation:
Take Pity then, and save thy Dear;
have Pity then, and save her from vexation.
Heav'n gave to Man in Paradise
Blessings that were uncommon;
But all were Trifles to the Bliss
of Soul delighting Woman:
Love me, whate'er must be my Doom,
'tis thee I am still pursuing;
Love me, or else I am undone,
I am undone; oh! love, or else I am ruin'd.

The Lover's Protestation.

BY all the Powers, I love you so,
Nothing so dear to me below;
For when your Frowns I would forsake,
Some Angel comes, and calls me back:

Order

132 Wit and Mirth

Order my life not so
But you may break it when you please
For it is noble, and a little
To die, than to languish in bed
For it is noble, &c.

Then do not strive to make my peace
But grant me Life, and I will thank you
That I may live to see the day
Come, my dear Soul, and let my dream
Let thee and I, thee and I now
For ever be united, united in Love,
For I am certain, that it will be
Pleasing unto the Powers above.

The Contented Lover.

LET Monarchs fight for Power and Fame,
With Noise and Arms Mankind alarm :
Let daily Fears their Quiet fright,
And Care disturb their Rest at Night
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul inthrall,
Give me Content, and I have all
Hear, mighty Jove, to thee I call,
Gime me Astrea, she's my all.
That soft, that sweet, that charming Fair,
Nothing can hurt me but despair:
She's wealth and power, and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.

Aminter's Petition to-Cup'id.

SPare, mighty Love, oh! spare a Slave,
That at your Feet for Mercy cry ;
What would the cruel Cupid have ?
See how I bleed, see how I die :
Upon some nobler Conquest go
that's for thy Glory and thy Peace ;

Oh!

Oh! make the charming Liza know,
the Pain she now regrets is less:
Dip all thine Arrow in my Tears,
and surely poison so each Dart,
That spite of all the Charms she bears,
the pointed Steel may reach her heart,
Revenge, revenge the Wounds she gave,
and let our Fortunes so agree,
That I may have my Cure from her,
and she may need as much from me.

The Maiden's Choice.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
To make a Maid a Wife, fir,
whose Name was buxom Joan,
whose Name, &c.

For now the Time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her Lip at Men, fir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, fir,
and lie a Nights alone,
and lie, &c.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more then Plunder,
And shew'd her many a Scar, fir,
Which he had brought from far, fir,
with fighting for her sake,
with fighting, &c.

The Taylor thought to please her,
By offering her his Measure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said, He could mend her Kettle,
and stop up e'ery Leak.
and stop, &c.

But

134 Wit and Mirth improv'd: Or,

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor sily waiting,
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they should all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his Part,
He then, &c.

And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Logger-heads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her
A shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maid's heart,
which won, &c.

The Bonny Milk-Maid.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods
When Spring newly blown,
Herself doth adorn,
With Flowers and blooming Buds
Come, sing in the praise,
Whilst Flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant Vale,
Of those that chuse
Their sleep to lose,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.
The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they do adorn,
And take the fresh Air,
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Consort on each green Thorn,
The Black-bird and Thrush
On every Bush,
And the Charming Nightingale,
In a merry Vein
Their Throats do strain,

A New Academy of Compliments. 135

To entertain
The jolly Train
That carry the Milking-pail :
When cold bleak Winds do roar
And Flowers doth bring no more
The Fields they are seen,
So pleasant and so green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er,
Oh! how the Town Lass
Looks with her white Face
And her Lips so deadly Pale ;
But it is not so
With those that go
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Charming Bride.

THE Danger is over, the Danger is over
The Battle, the Battle, the Battle is past ;
The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her Fears
But the ventur'd, the ventur'd, the ventur'd, she ven-
(tur'd at last :
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She smil'd, the smil'd at her Foily, and own'd she
(had won :
By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd,
(been pleas'd,
Her B'ushes become her, her passion is eas'd ;
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,
(down, down, down,
She sighs 'tis for Sorrow, for sorrow, for sorrow, for
(Sorrow, 'tis eared so soon,
Appear all ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ap-
(pear all ye Virgins,
Both

136 **What and Wirth impob'd: Or,**
 Both aged, both aged, both aged, both aged and young;
 And you that have carry'd, and you that have carry'd
 That Burthen, that Burthen, that Burthen, that Bur-
 (then too long;
 Who've lost precious Time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd, betray'd by your Fears, 'tixt doubting and
 (chusing;
 Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,
 You'll find, you'll find your selves happy, when once
 (you are kind;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run, run,
 (run, run,
 The Loss will be little, be little, be little, be little.
 (and much to be won,

Coy Cælia's Cruelty.

CÆlia, that I once was blest,
 Is now the Torment of my Breast,
 Since to cure me, you bereave me
 Of the Pleasure I protest;
 Cruel Creature, to deceive me,
 First to love, and then to leave me;
 cruel Creature, &c.
 Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
 I then had never known the Want;
 but possessing once the Blessing,
 Is the Cause of my Complaint:
 Once possessing, is but tasting,
 'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting,
 once possessing, &c.
 Cælia now is mine no more,
 But I am her's, and must adore;
 not to leave her, will endeavour,
 Charms that captiv'd me before:
 No Unkindness can discover,
 Love that's true, is Love for ever:
 no Unkindness, &c.

Cupid's

Cupid's Kingdom.

Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss,
Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss
that e'er in Love was known,
'Twould be the highest of my wish,
to en——joy her Heart alone :
Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,
and Crowns unenvied wear,
They should no Rival have of me,
No, no.
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there ;
They should no Rival have of me,
No, no,
No, no,
They should no Rival,
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there.
Hear Cynthia, hear the gentle Air,
Hear Cynthia, hear the gentle Air,
but whisper out my Love,
And prove but half so kind as fair,
my Sor——row you'll remove ;
Cynthia, oh ! let us happy be,
unite our Hearts in Love,
'd change not such Felicity,
No, no,
'd change not such Felicity,
for all the Joys above ;
'd change not such Felicity,
No, no,
'd change not such,
'd change not such Felicity,
for all the Joys above.

Cruel CÆLIA.

NO, no, poor suffering Heart no change endeavour
 Chuse to sustain the Smart rather than leave her,
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
 I can die with her, but not live without her.
 One tender Sigh from her to see me languish,
 Will more than pay the Price of my past anguish:
 Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me;
 'Twas a kind look of thine, that has undone me.
 Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
 And she must end my Pain that did begin it:
 Then so divine a Bliss and Pleasures leaving
 Ages will slide away without perceiving.
 Cupid shall guard the Door, the more they please her,
 And keep out time and age, when they would seize her:
 Time and Death shall depart, and say, when flying,
 Love has found out a way to live by dying.

In Praise of a Country Life.

IN the Fields in Frost and Snows,
 watching late and early,
 There I kept my Father's Cows,
 there I milk them yearly;
 wooing here, wooing there,
 Here a boe, there a loe, every where a boe,
 we desire all Care and Strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 Then at home, amongst the Fowls,
 watching late and early;
 There I tend my Father's Owls,
 there I feed 'em yearly;
 wooing here, wooing there,
 Here a whoo, there a woo, every where a woo,
 we desire all Care and Strife,
 in a charming Country Life.

When we Summer Fleeces heap,
 watching late and early ;
 Then I Sheer my Father's Sheep,
 then I kep 'em yearly ;
 baeing here, baeing there,
 Here a bae, there a bae, ev'ry where a bae,
 we desie all care and strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 In the Yard amongst the Logs,
 watching late and early :
 There do lye my Father's Hogs,
 there I feed 'em yearly ;
 grunting here, grunting there,
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, ev'ry where a grunt,
 we desie all care and strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 Round about the pleasant Moats,
 watching late and early,
 There I tend my Father's Goats,
 there I water 'em yearly ;
 maaing here, maaing there,
 Here a maa, there a maa, every where a maa,
 we desie all care and strife,
 in a charming Country Life.
 When I've fed My Father's Flocks,
 in the Morning early ;
 Then I cram his Turkey Cocks,
 there I feed 'em yearly :
 Gobble here, gobble there,
 Here a gobble, there a gobble, ev'ry where a gobble,
 we desie all, &c.
 Round my Father's Pond and Lakes,
 in the Morning early ;
 There I find his Duck and Drakes,
 there I find 'em yearly ;
 Qua quack here, qua quack there,
 Here a quack, there a quack, ev'ry where a quack,
 we desie, &c.

Lock all Fast.

I Am come to lock all fast,
 Love without me cannot last:
 Love like Counsels of the Wise,
 Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;
 'Tis holy, 'tis holy,
 and we must, we must conceal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.
 What is promised in Love,
 Is recorded still above,
 And whatever Vows we make,
 Let us keep for true Loves sake:
 'Tis binding, 'tis binding,
 and we still, we still must own it,
 They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd who disown it.
 Let our Love be just and true,
 For there's none I love but you;
 Let whatever each impart,
 Be lock'd up in t'others Heart,
 That no one, that no one,
 but our selves, ourselfe may ever
 Once be able, once be able to discover.
 Whilst we secretly do love
 No one can our Joys remove,
 Nor can any one molest
 That which is hid in the Breast,
 'Tis Treasure, 'tis Treasure,
 whilst we there, we there can keep it,
 From all Rivals, from all Rivals that do seek it

The Scotch Hay-Makers.

T Was within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town,
 In the Rosy time o'th' Year, when the Galls
 (was down,
 Banny

A New Academy of Complements. 141

Bonny Jockey blith and gay, said to Jeny making Hay
 Let's sit a little Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry day :
 He long had courted the black brow'd Maid,
 But Jockey was a Wag and would ne'er consent towed
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry'd it will not do
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle too.
 He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joak,
 And that no one wedded now but scoundrel Folk,
 Yet, my Dear, you shall prevail, but I know not
 (what I will,
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs, with Bottles
 (at their Tails,
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
 And a pretty silly Toal to ride out to take the Air,
 If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo, and cry it will not
 I cannot, &c. (do,
 That you'll give me Trickets said she I believe ?
 But ah ! what return must poor Jenny give ?
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must go to
 (London Town,
 And roar and rant, and patch, and patch and paint,
 (and kiss for half a Crown,
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
 And earn a hated Living a tedious fustome Way.
 No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, &c.

The Discontented Lover.

HOW vile are the sordid Intrigues of the Town,
 Cheating and lying perpetually sway,
 From the blue Cape to the Politick Gown,
 in plotting and sotting they waste the Day ;
 All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
 the French and the Wars,
 is always their Cry ;

142 **W**it and Wirth improb'd: Or,
 Marriage alas! is declining,
 And I a poor Virgin lie pining,
 a curse of their Jarring, what luck have I?
 I thought a young Trader, by selling Charms,
 into my conjugal Fetters to bring;
 I planted my Snare too, for one that lov'd Arms,
 but found his Design was another thing.
 From the Court Province down to the dull City,
 Both Cullies and Wits,
 Of Marriage are shy;
 Great are the Sins of the Nation,
 A Shame of the wretched Occasion,
 a curse of the Mounſieur, what luck have I?

The Lover's Complaint to Drusilla.

SStill I'm wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring;
 Yet each gift I think too small;
 Still the more I am presented,
 Still the less I am contented.
 Tho' she vows she's given me all.
 Can Drusilla give no more?
 Has she lavish'd all her Store?
 Must my Hopes to nothing fall?
 Ah! you know not half your Treasure,
 Give me more, give me over Measure,
 Yet you'll never give me all.

The Princely Courtship.

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?
 how many Millions of Sighs can suffice?
 That which wins others Hearts, never can move her,
 those common Methods of Love she'll despise:
 I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
 gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,

A New Academy of Complements. 143

Till for her own sake, at last she'll implore me,
to love her less, to preserve our delight.
Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving.
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wish my love could be always improving,
tho' eager love more than Sorrow destroys,
In fair Aurelia's Arms, leave me expiring
to be embalm'd by the sweets of her Breath,
To the last Moment I'll still be desiring,
never had Hero so glorious a Death.

Aurelia's Lamentation.

Pity a helpless Virgin's Tears,
ye Powers above and ease my moan;
See how I sigh, see how I grieve,
since that Amyntor's from me gone.
Oh! cruel Fate! to me unkind,
to take away my only Joy
And leave Aurelia here behind,
to sigh and languish Life away.
How could you so ungrateful be?
to go and leave me here behind?
You might have taken Leave of me,
when I to you have been so kind,
'Tis not as I expected, when
you told me, you lov'd none but me,
Oh! had I not believ'd you then,
I never more had thought on thee.

The Country Dialogue.

He. **W**Here Oken do low,
And Apples do grow:
Where Corn in sown,
And grass is mown:
Where Pigeons do fly,
And Rooks nestle high,
Fate, give me for Life a Place.

G.

She

144 **What and Which Improb'd : Or,**

- She. Where Hay it well cock'd,
And Udders are strok'd ;
Where Duck and Drake,
Cry, quack, quack, quack,
Where Turkeys lay Eggs
And Sows suckle Picks,
Oh ! there will I pass my days.
- He. On nought we will feed,
She. But what we do breed,
And wear on our Back,
He. The Wool of our Flocks ;
She. And tho' Linen feel,
Rough from the Wheel,
'Tis cleanly though coarse it comes.
- He. Town Follies and Cullies
And Mollies and Dollies,
For ever adieu, and for ever ;
She. And Beaux that in Boxes
Lie smuggling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.
- He. Good-bye to the Mail,
The Park and Canal,
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there,
The Gaming-house too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are mstrag'd by all Degrees.
- She. Adieu to the Knight,
That was bubl'd last Night,
That keeps a Blouze,
And beats his Spouse,
And now in great haste
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees.
- He. And well fare the Lad,
She. Improves e'ery Cled ;
He. That ne'er sets his Hand
To Bill nor to Bond.

She.

A New Academy of Complements. 145

- She. Nor Barbers his Flocks
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouse him of half his Days.
- He. Fishing and Fowling
And Hunting and Bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever;
- She. Whose Lips when you buss 'em
Smells like the Bean Blossom,
Oh! he 'ris shall have my Praise.
- He. To the Tavern, where goes
Sower Apples and Sloes,
A long adieu:
And farewell too
The House of the Great,
Whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst,
- She. Good by to the Change,
Where Rantepoles Range,
Farewell cold Tea,
And Ratafee,
Hyde-Park too, where Pride
In Coaches do ride.
Altho' they be chok'd with Dust.
- He. Farewell the Law-Gown,
- She. The Plague of the Town,
- He. And Foe to the Crown,
That should be run down,
- She. With City Jack-daws,
That make Staple Laws,
To measure by Yards and Ells;
- He. Stock Jobbers and Swabbers,
And Packers, and Tickers,
For ever adieu, ay for ever.
- Cho. We know what you're doing,
And Home we're both going,
And so you may ring the Bells.

The Happy P A I R.

I Anthe, the lovely, the Joy of a Swain,
 By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again :
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
 Their Pleasures were equal, and equal their Care,
 No Time of Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew:
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 still the fonder they grew ;
 A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,
 Some swore 'twould be pity, their Loves to invade,
 That the Lovers alone for each other was made ;
 But all consented, that none ever knew
 A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
 or a Shepherd so true,
 For in the beginning of Love, we do find,
 They strove in their love, which should prove still
 (most kind,
 The Swain and the Nymph by the Dawn of the Day,
 With innocent Love, past the Minutes away,
 In each others Arms give these Lovers their due,
 They always were constant, they always were constant
 and always were true.
 And several Years their true Love has gone on,
 And they are as fond as when first they begun.
 No end there's of loving the Nymph she does cry,
 No, no, says the Shepherd, I'll love 'till I die;
 So loving this pair was, so constant and true,
 That the longer they lov'd, that the longer they lov'd,
 still the fonder they grew.
 Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd, to take care,
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair ;
 What either did want, he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love,
 Said, 'twas all that to bless them his Godhead could do
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be
 and they still might be true. (kind,

The ANSWER.

I Anthe the ugly of Rosemary lane,
 She frown'd upon Rakish he kick'd her again;
 A sort of a strange Salutation was there,
 She curs'd him, he kick'd her, she pull'd by the Hair,
 Like Furies in Wrath at each other they flew,
 The longer they fought, the longer they fought,
 Still the fiercer they grew.
 They both had been toying, and toying had made,
 You g Rakish as drunk, as I anthe the Jade;
 The powerful Strength of Geneva and Ale,
 Made Rakish strike I anthe, and I anthe scorn'd to turn
 Like Furies in Wrath at each other they flew, (Tail,
 Still the longer they fought, &c.
 She call'd him a Cuckold, he call'd her a Whore;
 She seiz'd on his Throat, and her Waistcoat he tore;
 Her Toppings and Petticoats all went to rack,
 He fought like a Dragon, she stood to the Tack;
 Like Furies in Wrath at each other they flew,
 the longer they fought, &c.

The Jolly Breeze.

THE jolly, jolly Breeze
 That came whistling through the Trees,
 From all a--l her blissful Region brings
 Perfum--mes upon her Spicey Wings,
 And with her wanton, wanton, wanton,
 Wanton, wanton, wanton, wanton,
 Curling, curling, curling, curling the Crystal Rills,
 That down, down, down, down, down the Hills;
 Are still, still, a running, still, still, a running down
 (the golden purling Streams.
 A lovely charming Maid,
 whom Cupid had betray'd,

By

148 Wit and Mirth improv'd, Or,
 By the pur--ling Stream sat lamenting for her Dear,
 A blaming cruel Fate for being so severe,
 Sighing, my Strephon, he has left me ;
 Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure,
 Joy and Pleasure I bid adieu. (true
 Since that, that, that, that, my Love has prov'd un-
 Whil: I by this River, I by this River, I by this River
 I by this River, still am oppress'd with a Sorrow.

The Lover's Guide.

Would you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
 Sing a Love Sonnet and charm her Ears:
 Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
 Chase her and praise her, if fair or brown ;
 Sooth her, and smooth her, and teeze her and please
 And touch but her smicket and all's your own. (her,
 Would you have her the Lady of your delight,
 You must wait at her Lodging both Noon & Night;
 you must ogle, and bring her your Musick, Musick;
 Tell her you die when she's out of sight ,
 Bless her, and dress her in silken Gown,
 Take her and make her sit fairly down,
 squeeze her, and please her, and ogle and cog'e,
 Then have at her whim wham, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Widow well known to Man,
 With a Front of Assurance come bold on ;
 let her not rest an Hour, but quickly, quickly,
 Put her in Mind how her Time runs on,
 Rattle and prattle although she frown,
 Rouze her and touze her, from Morn to Noon ;
 shew her some Hour your able to grapple,
 Then get at her Writings and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality ;
 you must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 Plea

A New Academy of Complements. 149

Pleasure's best Charm is Variety :
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her and ply her when Cully's gone ;
dog her, and jog her, meet her, and treat her,
And Kiss with two Guineas, and all's your own.

The Bathful Lover.

YE Woods and Groves, and purling Streams,
come help me to lament my Fate.
I love a Lad, and he loves not me,
what shall I do ? my self I hate :
Ah ! Fool as I am for to doat on Man,
That will not love me do what I can.
But I'll to him gang, and let; him ken,
The dismal State that I live in :
Perhaps it may yield me some Relief,
And ease my Pain to tell my Grief :
But no, it must not be, it will gain unto me
The muckle Disdain of a poor Lasse.
But why should I my self condear,
Since there's not one that can with him compare ?
had I ten thousand Hearts in one,
I'd give them all to him in there :
But ah ! how I blush when I think upon
A Woman courting of a Man !

The Sham Doctor.

SEE, Sirs, see here, a Doctor rare,
who travels much at Home !
Here take my Pills, I cure all Ills
past, present, and to come ;
The Cramp the Stitch, the Pox,
The Multigurbs, the bonny Scrubs,
and all, all, all. Pandora's Box.
Thousand I have dissected, thousands new erected,
And such Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.

Let

150 *Wit and Mirth improb'd: Or,*

Let the Palsy take ye, let the Cholick rack ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye, let the Murrain take ye,
take this, take this, and you are well.

Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
come Beaus who have sprain'd their Backs :
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
and pepper'd vizard Cracks.

I soon remove the Pains of Love,
and cure the Lov-sick Maid,
The Hot, the Cold, the Young, the Old,
the Living and the Dead.

I clear the Lafs with wainfcoot Face,
and from Pimgenets free
Plump Ladies red, like Sarazen's Head,
with toping Ratafea.

This with a Jirk, will do your Work,
and scour you o'er and o'er,
Read, Judge, and Try, and if you die,
never believe me more.

The SAILORS's Song.

JUst coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,
We Punch it, we Punch it, aboard with Courage;
We sing, laugh, and cling, in Hammocks we swing,
And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.
We sing, laugh, and cling, in Hammocks we swing,
We sing, laugh, and cling, in Hammocks we swing,
And hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.

The Jolly SAILORS.

BLOW Boreas, blow, and let the furly Winds
make the Billows foam and roar;
Thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But in spite of thee, we'll live and find the Shoar.

Chear

A New Academy of Complements. 151

Clear up my Mates, and be not dull;
but keep the Gun-Room clear;
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devil roar abroad,
while we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.
Hey! how she tosses up a far!
Her mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,
And Salamander like we liv'd in Flame:
When Flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;
And the Captain doth swear, instead of a Prayer,
And the Sea's all on Fire by the Dæmons o'th' Air,
We'll drink and defie the mad Spirits that fly
From the Deep to the Sky;
And we'll sing while the Thunder do's bellow,
For Fate still will have a kind Chance for the brave,
And will ne'er make his Grave in a Salt-water Wave,
to drown, to drown, never to drown,
No, never to drown a good Fellow.

Pretty POLL.

Pretty Parrot say, when I was away,
And in all Absence pass'd the Day,
what at Home was doing.
With Chat and Play,
We are gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing,
Singing, laughing all, singing, laughing all,
Like pretty, pretty Poll.
Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy Lover would
Court and tease my Lady,
A Thing you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,

Ever

152 Wit and Mirth improv'd: Or,
Ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.
Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear
All he did and uttered.

He still address'd,
And caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd,
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.
Did he go away at the close of Day?

Or did he ever use to stay
In a Corner dodging?
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight;
But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

The Honest Englishman's Health.

Here's a Health the King and a lasting Peace,
Let Faction be r---d, and Wealth encrease
Come, let's drink, Boys, whilst we have Breath,
For there's no drinking after Death;
And he that does this Health deny,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead Men let him, let him lie.
Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
In whom Cœlestial Joys are found,
And may Confusion still pursue,
The senseless Woman-hating Crew,
And he that Woman's Health denies,
Down among the dead Men, &c.
In smiling Bacchus's Joys I'll roul,
Deny no Pleasure to my Soul,

A New Academy of Complements. 153

Let Bacchus's Health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a Friend to Love,
And he that Bacchus's Health denies,
down among, &c.

Let Love and Wine their Rites maintain,
And their united Pleasures reign,
Whilst Bacchus's Treasures crowns the Board,
We'll sing the Joys that both afford;
And he that won't with us comply,
down among, &c.

For Love and Wine together joyn'd,
Will drown all Ills, although combin'd:
And make Men happy spite of Fate,
Adding to Life a longer Date;
And as for those that this deny,
down, &c.

Let's drink and love, ne'er pensive be,
Ne'er vex our Brains about South-Sea,
May all Stock jobbers meet the Fate;
Of those who chanc'd to sell too late,
And he that won't to this comply,
down, &c.

Then a Health to our Trade, may Bubbles cease,
For that will flourish, as they decrease;
And may Stocking and Jobbing dwindle away,
Then we may expect a better Day:
And he that won't to this agree,
Drown'd, &c.

may he be drown'd in the South-Sea.
Come, fill brave Boys the smiling Bowls;
And drink to every British Soul;
Who always would our Trade advance,
But ne'er like Bubbles took from France;
But those who will in Bubbles be,
May they be drown'd, &c.

The Tippling Philosophers.

Diogenes forth and proud,
 Who fear'd at the Macedon Youth,
 Delighted in Wine that was good,
 because in good Wine there is Truth.
 Till growing as poor as was Job,
 not able to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 and liv'd by the Scent of a Cask.
 Heraclitus would never deny
 a Bumper to cherish his Heart,
 And when he was Maudling wou'd cry,
 because he had finish'd his Quart;
 Tho' some are so foolish to think
 he wept at Mens Follies and Vice;
 When 'twas only his Custom to drink,
 'till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.
 Democritus always was glad
 to tipple and cherish his Soul,
 And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
 when over a good flowing Bowl.
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd
 with Liquor, he'd merrily Quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,
 at them that were sober would laugh.
 Copernicus too like the rest,
 believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And fancy'd a Cup of the best
 made Reason the brighter to shine.
 With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 and made his Philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 turn'd round like a Chariot-Wheel.
 Aristotle, that Master of Art,
 had been but a Dunce without Wine,
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 is due to the Juice of the Vine.

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His Belly most Writers agree,
was as big as a watering Trough,
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
because he'd have Liquor enough,
Old Plato that learned Divine,
he wisely to Virtue was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
his Merits we never had known,
By Wine we are generous made :
it furnishes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

The Modish

Dancing-Master :

O R,

Brief and Plain Instructions for
Dancing COUNTRY DANCES.

Hedge-Line.

First and second Couple set, first Couple lead down,
the second Couple cast up, go all four a-breast,
the second Man lead the first Man round him, and
the second Woman the same to the first, both at
one Time : So the first Man turn right Hand with
the second Woman, and the second Man the same
with the first Woman, the first Couple take Hands,
and turn round between the second Couple, the se-
cond Couple at the same Time casting up.

The

156 Wit and Mirth improv'd : Or,

The Opera

First Couple change Sides first Man and second Woman take Hands, turn half round ; second Man and first Woman do the same, both Couples fall ing back, cross over, turn Hands again upwar s ; cross over again, second Couple do the Hay, then Right and Left, and Back to Back.

The Grenadier's March.

First Couple cross over one Couple then another lead up between two Couple ; cast off one Couple, cross Hands round, lead down, another Couple cast up Hands round again, lead up between the second Couple, cast off, ring Hands round again, and that's done.

Excuse me.

First Couple cross over and ring Hands round ; second Couple do the same ; first Man and second Woman set and turn single ; second Man and first Woman do the same ; first Couple cross over and figure in, second Couple do the double Figure.

Prince George.

Change Sides ; first Man and first Woman set, second Couple do the same ; first Man and second Woman go Right Hands round ; second Man and Woman do the same, then the first Couple turn over and meet between the second, and all four lead up a-breast ; then the first Couple casting down, all four clap Hands, and a Ring round ends the Dance.

How Happy's he.

The first Man go round his Partner on the inner-side of her, second Woman at the same time go round her Partner, then Hands round, and fall in their proper Places ; the second Man and first Woman do the same ;

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same; the first Man changes Places with the second Man, and first Woman with the second Man, and so round, till the first Man meets his Partner, then take her by the Hand, and fall in their proper Places; second Couple do the like; then the first Men take his Partner by the Hand and lead up, then lead down between the second Couple, and remain below them, the second Couple at the same time casting up; then let the second Man change Places with the first Man, and go round as before, leading up, and the down between the first Couple, not remaining below them, as they did below you, but call up, and that compleats the Dance.

Barley.

First Man with his Right Hand takes his Partner by the Left, and leads her round the second Couple on the outside; then first Man and second Woman set and turn single, and Right Hands round; second Couple do the same.

The Dragons March.

First Couples cross over two Couple, then take Hands and leap up, two Couples, then cast down one Couple, and taking Hands, turn about, then lead between the next Couple (which is the third Couple) and cast up; take Hands again, and turn round, then lead up between the first Couple, and casting off the same, take Hands, and turn about: And so ends the Dance.

The Opera.

Change Sides; the Man takes the second Woman by both her Hands, and turns her half round, second Man and first Woman do the like at the same time; then both Couple fall a little back, and crossover; do this over again till you come as you were; then both Couples do the Hay, Right and Left, Back to Back, both

158 **Wit and Mirth improved: Or,**
both Couples set, first Couple casting off, and the
next leading up, ends the Dance.

Spanish Jigg.

First Couple set, cast off; second Couple lead up
at the same Time; set, cast off; first Man and se-
cond Woman Right Hands round, second Man and
first Woman do the like; first Couple take Hands and
slide down between the second Couple, and back
again; cast off, and go the double Figure, and so it
ends.

Excuse me.

First Couple cross over, and turn round two or
three Times, second Couple do the like; first Man
set to the second Woman, and turn single; second
Man and first Woman do the same; first Couple cross
over and figure in, and the second Couple go the
double Figure. Thus ends the Dance.

Hey ho for my Honey.

First Man cast off, and come up between the se-
cond Couple, his Partner following him: He leads
up by himself, his Partner being between the se-
cond Couple, who all three Hand in Hand follow
him; then he turns about, sets to his Partner, and
goes round (between) the second Woman and his
Partner, round the second Man, then set again, and
cross over below the second Couple.

Valentine's-Day.

Change Sides; first Couple lead up, and the second
down at the same Time, when they lead back again
and meet, the first Man taking the second Woman by
her Left Hand, the second Man the first Woman, they
lead from each other to the Side of the Room, then
leading back again, the two Women change Places,
Men the like; then both Couples falling back, imme-
diately cross over, and Women turn Back to Back, and
clap

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clap Hands, Men the same; then all four turn their Faces, clap Hands, and a Ring round; so ends.

Lille Burlero.

First Couple Hand in Hand, lead down between the second, casting up and down; the second Couple lead up between the first Couple, and cast down. first Man and second Woman change Sides, second Man and first Woman the like; then all four a Ring half round, and turn single; two Men Back to Back, two Women Back to Back, then Right and Left, &c.

The Jovial Beggar.

First Man cast off his Partner falling, he goes on the outside of (or round) the second Woman, his Partner between the second Couple; then she being in her Partner's Place, cast off her Partner following, she going round the second Woman into her own Place, and he between the second Couple, into his Place, the first Couple take Hands, and lead between the second, and back again, casting off, they all four fall back, meet again, and turn single, go a Ring round; so ends.

Margery Cree, in three Parts.

First Part thus: First Man sides to his Partner, then Right Hands round, so to the next.

Second thus: First Man takes his Partner by both her Hands, turns her half round, then they set; he turns her round again, so ends.

Third Part is, Right and Left all round.

Barley.

The first Man with his Right Hand, takes his Partner by her Left, and leads her round the second Man: then the first Woman sets to the second Man, and turn round single, then Right Hands round: first Man and second Woman do the same.

Green

Green Sleeves.

Change Sides : First Man and second Woman side to one another, and go Right Hands round, first Woman and second Man do the same ; then the first Couple cross over behind the second Couple, and turn round, then they lead up, and casting off, turn round about again ; so it ends.

F I N I S.



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